

プリンセス

# 吸血姫は

ケイオス・ジョーカー

## 薔薇色の夢をみる<sup>3</sup>



佐崎一路  
Illustration  
まりも

# Kyuuketsu Hime wa Barairo no Yume o Miru

Arc 3 - Beast King of Borderland

by Sasaki Ichiro

[Novel Updates](#)

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[MadoSpicy TL](#)

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# Chapter 1: A Strange Coincidental Meeting

Amitia Republic Capital City, Arra.

Originally, Arra was widely known as a free city. However, matching the transformation of Amitia's name from a kingdom to a republic, the capital relocated from the old one of Caldia which had some roads that were difficult to access.

Usually when relocating a capital, it takes several years of work, but through the will of King Collard who has a restrained personality, they didn't build the royal palace; they re-used the town hall building for political functions so the normally impossible short time for relocation became possible.

However, now as the king triumphantly returned to the new capital (He originally was from the city so the citizens were highly conscious of it), he was dumbfounded as the unplanned royal palace —a castle with a red pointed roof like those in fairy tales where kings live— stood before his very eyes.

That was secretly built by the sponsorship from Amitia's suzerain state, Imperial Crimson's sovereign (Among the countries there were some who called her things like 'Demon Empress' or 'Demon Emperor', but from her appearance, 'Princess' is the most popular one). Officially it is a grant, as the raw materials, human resources, and expenses were all covered by Imperial Crimson. Collard who received it prostrated himself on the ground heart-brokenly, and murmured "The revenge backfired..."

The result, in more than half a year the town changed into the largest, both in

town size and population, in Amitia.

Although for the citizens, instead thinking something like “Should we change the king”, “Should we change the country’s name”, or “Should we settle under the jurisdiction of a demon country”, the price of tomorrow’s grain is a much more important matter. From their perspective there is no dissatisfaction with the present regime. Each person followed their ordinary regular business and passed their time normally.

More or less, if you’re talking about something that’s different from before, noble social status is now gone, but from the start they didn’t have a direct influence on the people. The only case where people were affected was with tax collection. Right now the duty is covered by tax collectors from the government’s bureaucrats so there isn’t anything particularly different. On the contrary, the dispersed tax rate along the region was now unified, and therefore for the regions which suffered from noble oppression, that was nothing but good news.

Still, the visible changes can be seen here and there throughout the town. There were things which were unthinkable before but now can be seen in town, like goblins or orcs negotiating for prices. The suzerain state, Imperial Crimson, demanded recognition of personal rights for adapting demons into human society. However, there were no special privileges for demons as people feared at first. It was widely spread that they were treated as equal to normal citizens: they had tax duties, and were punished for crimes they committed. With that, compared to the society with nobles, it was much more fair, equal, and peaceful.



While sitting on a park bench that faced the main street, Joey was watching

the stream of people who were moving into the town. ‘This town is changing a lot...’ he obscurely thought.

From what he could see, the races referred to as demi-humans in the western area like elves, dwarfs, and the like, were increasing within the population (According to the area they were treated as magical beings). Not only that, goblins from the Great Forest, orcs from the old historic remains (dungeon), and cyclopes from the Northern Dragon Mountain Range, which previously couldn’t be thought of as anything besides monsters to be subjugated, were swaggering around downtown.

Not to mention one who was close to him, Collard, who formerly was a guild leader for now became his majesty, the king.

“You must be wondering how things turned out like this right? I also want to know that. Aha ha ha ha...”

Collard who came over to transfer the title of guild leader met with Joey after some time, he somehow talked with vacant eyes.

Gald-sensei —Who at the guild training school, had trained the hell out of Joey— became the new guild leader and also smiled bitterly.

“By the way Joey, there are two reasons why I called you here. One of them is this—”

At the new guild leader’s signal, Mia, who was temperate (Right now from a receptionist she now officially became the guild leader’s secretary), brought a familiar metal plate —the guild emblem and handed it over to the new guild leader, Gald.

“I thought this would be a bit faster, but our boss here became his majesty the king...well it’s time to congratulate you. —You are now promoted to D rank. With this you’ve finally come out from your eggshell.”

The new guild leader Gald struck Joey on the chest while he stared in wonder and was ferried the guild emblem. As the pain gradually made him realize the truth, Mia smiled with her whole face and applauded him.

“Congratulations Joey-kun. With this you are publicly a full-fledged guild member.”

He meekly nodded in response to those words.

“—Okay, putting the matter about your ranking aside, there is one more reason. Did you remember your promise?”

‘Promise’ —That moment, the face of an unforgettable beautiful girl freshly resurrected in his mind.

“O-of course! I have said that I will guide her...!”

Hearing Joey’s enthusiastic speech, for some reason Collard pinned down the bridge of his glasses and breathed a sigh.

“Well, regarding that, rather than stopping you, her majesty had some words about it while we were having another chat.”

Again, he breathed a grand sigh.

“She said ‘I am going! I am going! It’s a bit boring here anyway.’, in a time

where our country had a mountain of internal discussions and foreign negotiations, I wonder where her majesty got the leisure...”

“Uh huh...”

Joey vaguely nodded. ‘Come to think of it, I heard Hiyuki is more important than Collard who became the king, I guess its surely very grave~’, Joey pondered carefreely.

‘Then in that case, perhaps guiding her around the town would not be easy—’, continued his thoughts. Shortly after, an envelope was presented before him.

“The meeting place and the time are written in this envelope. —Can you read the characters?”

“Ah, yes. I’ve taken a lesson about it in training school, so I should be able to get the gist of it...”

This means, I could meet her! Joey’s face instantly shined.

“Very well. Then, to prevent any uproar from happening as much as possible, please grasp tightly to that person’s reins. —Since on the paper it’s purely ‘An ordinary young lady sightseeing with a guild adventurer escorting and guiding her.’, even the country is not planning a lot of inference.”

Being given the warning with a serious expression, Joey nodded with an unsure one.

“...but, is this really okay?”



Be that as it may, instinctively he thought, 'Wouldn't that be dangerous?' So he confirmed it, again Collard gave a huge sigh.

"There is no good explanation though—. I would rather say when you make unnecessary fuss or trouble, our side will just say 'We didn't know anything.' So please, Joey-kun."

"Uh huh."

Hearing Joey's unreliable answer, all members realized 'Ah, this guy doesn't know what the meaning is.'

"Well, ya don't need to think so much, just escort her properly!"

Gald struck Joey's shoulder hard in order to erase his anxiety.

So then, Joey was waiting at the time and place written in that letter, but that conspicuous girl's figure couldn't be seen.

Is there some sort of mistake?

So he thought then from his back pocket —since he has escort duty, today he wore his favorite leather armor and hung his sword so the only usable pocket was his back one— he took out the letter and frowned looking at the contents.

"...it's not wrong right? What is she doing?"

Shortly after he talked to himself, a dearly clear voice was heard.

“—Yo, sorry-sorry. Pardon me for being late.”

He was about to say ‘You’re late!’, but in that moment he thought that he had mistaken someone else as her. He saw her face once again making sure of it, then he lightly caught his breath.

Hiyuki wore a cotton white summer dress and a hat coiled with a light blue ribbon, only a single red rose shined. She floated her smile.

Joey was caught unexpectedly, thinking that she will surely come with her usual showy dress. Also, not to mention her fresh and yet defenseless figure made him feel the quickness of his throbbing heart.

“Y, you, um... didn’t wear the usual dress.”

“As expected, I think that dress is too conspicuous. Also, about the ‘usual’ you said, actually the first day I wore a line dress and the second day was a princess line dress so everything was different. By any chance did you not notice it?”

“.....”

Joey was at a loss for words, thinking both of them were the same.

“Well it’s no problem. For that reason I tried to wear a disguise, did it not suit me?”

So she said, she pinned down her hat with one hand and spun around in a circle in place.

Her skirt softly fluttered, the slender white feet etched in Joey eyes. His

flustered face became red.

“No, I think it suits you. Besides, I also didn’t know who you were at first.”

He expresses rapidly what he was thinking.

“Is that so? Then the disguise is a success.”

Hiyuki delightfully smiled.

Although with that appearance of hers, she was causing those surrounding them to notice just by standing silently. As expected, Joey who had taken notice of their reactions judged that remaining here any longer would cause an uproar. He stood up from the bench in a hurry and forcibly took Hiyuki’s small delicate hand.

“Now then, let’s go soon. Is there any place you would like to visit?”

“Well, that I’ll leave up to you. ...Why did you grasp my hand? —Moreover, we’re holding hands like lovers.”

The latter part was spoken in a low voice so Joey seemed to not have heard it. He asked her again, puzzled.

“Hmm? Mia-san taught me to do it like this when guiding someone around town, is this wrong?”

With the opposite hand, Hiyuki pinned down the side of her forehead.

“She is still... rather, eight months have passed and yet you are still not on good terms with her?”

“Well, that’s not true. We eat together and she makes me boxed lunches when I receive requests and go outside. Mia is really kind!”

Towards Joey who declared that while having a clear face without a single cloud, Hiyuki made a beyond delicate smile that was mixed with various feelings, then she stared at him again.

“Was Miya-san too much of a late bloomer? Or is this one too dense? ...I feel either one could be the cause.”

“I kinda don’t understand but anyway, where would you like to go?”

“I’ll leave it to you. Any place that you think would be good.”

With her careless request, Joey pondered a little and then replied.

“Then, let’s go to my favorite weapon shop.”

“...Your thoughtless reactions are as lively as ever, Joey.”

‘Well I have some interest in this world’s weapons though. But normally, was this somewhere you would take a girl first...?’ Hiyuki thought of this question greatly in the innermost part of her heart.



—1 hour later.

Wearing a brand new sword on his waist, Joey walked along the street together with Hiyuki with a pleasant face. (Of course, their hands were still connected)

“Is it really all right? Buying this sword for me?”

While touching the sword with his other hand, Joey made sure for an unknown number of times.

“It’s no problem. I thought of it as a substitution for your promotion present. Besides, it’s just a normal sword, not a magic one... In the first place it was exchanged with your previous sword so, by any means, it doesn’t mean I’m paying for it.”

Hiyuki lightly shrugged her shoulders. Responding to her, Joey said, “Is that so, my bad.” although he seems to be happy.

“But, even the uncle at the weapon store said ‘Young lady you really have good eyes. The blacksmith who forged this one is still young, but his arms are the best.’, as I thought you are great!”

“Well that thing has +1 while having the same price as the other swords, so the endurance is higher. Remember the inscription next time when you buy a replacement sword again, I recommend you to buy from that smith.”

“Hmmm...”, Joey nodded, but suddenly he felt someone’s gaze and wondered.

“...Say, is that beastman one your acquaintances?”

“.....?”

Her eyes lured on looking ahead,

“!?!?”

She opened her eyes so wide that they wouldn't go any further.

“...That's...impossible...”

Because of Hiyuki's trembling hand and her shivering voice that he hadn't heard so far, Joey was surprised and stared at that person.

It was a young beastman who appeared to be from the wolf tribe, having an age around 20 years old with black hair and blonde highlights flowing in. He continuously grinned.

His attire did not particularly stand out, being a linen top and bottom. Speaking of conspicuous things perhaps it's the leg armor that covered both of his hands and legs.

That man, who while seeing Hiyuki had a face like a wolf in the front of his certain prey, approached.

“Yo! Long time no see! Hiyuki-tan.”

A husky voice leaked from Hiyuki's mouth hearing that greeting.

“.....! A-Animaru-san! You're here too...?”



That man was the guild master of ‘Aniki and Happy Friends’, the holder of court rank equal to Hiyuki, ‘The Beast King Without a Blade’. He didn’t reply to that question and deepened his cheerful smile.

## Chapter 2: The Clash of Fists and Swords

Most likely there is no one other than that man in her eyes.

Without realizing it herself, Hiyuki released Joey's hand and unsteadily approached him.

"...Did the others come here too?"

In the view of Joey, who lost the warmth of her gripped hand which made his chest slightly hurt, the smile of the wolfish man intensified even more.

—No, it's wrong! Those are the eyes of a thug or a monster that torments its prey.

"Crap! Hiyuki, get away from that man!"

Joey immediately drew his sword and gave her a warning. She looked back at him with a face that says she couldn't understand at all what he's talking about.

"Ay~, I have a lot of things to talk about with Hiyuki-tan, but before that—"

Sharp fangs revealed from the warped lips of that man—Animaru.

"—Take a BANG first!"

Instantly, at the same time he rushed in, an attack which pressed and tore up

the air—the Fist Warrior skill ‘Blow’ — blasted at Hiyuki’s chest from below. However—

just before making contact, as there was already a warning from Joey, and partly due to her reflexes, she was able to backstep and evade it. Before her very eyes, the fist hit the air; the shock wave blew away the roofs of nearby houses.

A moment of silence ensued.

Subsequently screams rose here and there around the street, the passerby fled in panic.

“It’s regrettable, really regrettable. Why are you not in ‘NoBra’ mode?”

Although Hiyuki avoided it by a hair’s breadth, the wave tore her summer dress on the left breast and exposed her tube bra. Seeing it, Animaru smacked his lips in disappointment without any concern for the surrounding turmoil and clatter.

With that kind of Animaru before her, with her surprise and bewilderment and also being exposed, she couldn’t decide on her next action.

“Then next, I shall go for the bra!”

Animaru made a step forward while smacking his lips. “Deyaaaaaaa!” Joey slashed his sword towards the back of Animaru’s body.

“... What’s with this brat?”

At that time Animaru turned around, with his right hand he completely stopped Joey’s attack, and furthermore, only pressuring back with—the Fist Warrior skill ‘Knockback’ — Joey’s brand new sword broke into pieces. His body

was sent flying like a rubber ball from the pressure and slammed into the ground while dragging along an unmanned stall.

“Joey!?”

This violence had reached its limit. Hiyuki deemed the Animaru in front of her as an opponent. She summoned her beloved sword ‘Sinner of Rose (Gilles de Rais)’ from her inventory.

Perhaps for this man (Animaru), this kind of helpless figure that was almost unarmed (in a summer dress) was the best, so he probably wouldn’t let any other equipment be summoned.

Joey had given her some time; this chance must not be wasted.

Hiyuki immediately judged so and moved first.

She dashes in, then with a forward-bent posture she attacks scooping upwards aiming at Animaru’s body. However, it didn’t reach him. It was avoided. As it is, he lowered down and launched a flurry of blows—the Fist Warrior skill ‘Barrage’— that stopped her pursuit.

When they got plenty of distance, this time on the contrary it was Animaru who stepped in. His aim is her left breast that is protected by a single piece of cloth exactly as he said he would. The right fist approached in a straight line together with the shock wave. She dodged towards the left side of her opponent and countered at his opening.

The sword stopped.

The back of Animaru’s left hand guard blocked it.

Currently it's a moment of balance. However, if she stays still a kick would soon be coming.

Close quarters combat is her opponent's forte. For her it's an overwhelming disadvantage.

Concluding that, Hiyuki separated herself from him. Coincidentally, Animaru also separated.

Suddenly before she knew it, there was an itchy pain on her chest. When she took a glimpse downward, there were 3 slash cuts running on the side of her bra, with blood flowing from the shallow cuts.

His fist could be avoided; however this is the result from failing to read the final point of his attacks.

"Some moves you have there, Hiyuki-tan. I thought you were going to pray to the top of your happy mountain, but that last moment evasion of yours was great. You never participated in PvP in E.H.O, but like this wouldn't you be in the top 20?"

(TL/ED Note: Okay so the happy mountain thing is a bit confusing, basically think about praying with both hands together on your chest. If you're a girl your chest is a "happy mountain"... don't ask it's weird)

"Even hearing that from someone who usually reigned as one of the top 3 won't make me happy at all."

At last, with the moment of clashing just now it is finally proven that the man before her eyes was using a skill which can only be used by EHO players. He also possess equally powerful equipment that can receive attacks from Sinner of Rose (Gilles de Rais) as if they were nothing—Animaru's exclusive use equipment, the hand guard 'Kanshou' and leg guard 'Byakuya'. That means, the

fact that he isn't just some phantom or doppelganger (there are also monsters that could change into someone you know) has been verified.

Hiyuki's words made Animaru express a face with a sign of some bitter smile.

"Top 3 huh...perhaps I should say it's quite the disappointment that I am not first."

At that moment, they coincidentally moved together.

Hiyuki's attack split into seven stages of thrusts, the Sword Saint skill 'Nanatenkouha' (Seven Heaven Falling Blade). Animaru evades it, repels it with both hands, but it still wasn't enough so he also guarded using the Fist Warrior skill 'Attack Defense'. However, it can't be defended, the attack capability of Rose of Sinner (Gilles de Rais) exceeds that skill.

Animaru did a matrix dodge and performed a somersault. —At the same time, Hiyuki felt a bad premonition and twisted her body. That instant, a nail went through the air in the place where her jaw was just previously at.

Animaru's vertical rotation in the air which ignored the laws of physics became faster and faster, and from there his limbs projected. The road, the paving, and the stalls were breaking into pieces with just the wave.

It's the Fist Warrior skill 'Ashurakoryuken' (Ashura Fallen Dragon Fist).

Dealing with it, Hiyuki fought it by rotating horizontally.

It's the Sword Saint skill "Tenhaourinken" (Heaven Ruler Phoenix Slayer Sword).

The tornado that was born became a slashing attack. It had brought in the surrounding debris as well and gulped down Animaru who was in the air.



Each of their rotations struggled for supremacy, but with Animaru's body posture unstable in the air, for a moment he lost control.

Not missing the opportunity, Hiyuki's "slash" approached to bisect Animaru's body.

However, Animaru's eyes perceived that attack.

"Deyaah !!!"

Together with his scream of spirit—the Fist Warrior skill 'Blast Attack' —both of his palms intercepted it.

The compressed atmosphere created an explosion. It kicked up the surrounding rubble and dust, narrowing the field of vision.

—I missed him!

Or possibly, he dodged it. The feel of her sword cutting the air made Hiyuki regret bitterly in her mind. Even so, she withdrew from that place as soon as possible. Within the cloud of dense dust that blew violently, she quickly turned her sight left and right searching for the presence of Animaru, but she can't....

Suddenly, Hiyuki remembered a similar occurrence before.

Prince Ashyl. In the midst of darkness. There were indications of him approaching from all directions. In the spur of the moment he fled above—'Above?'

The chain of related thoughts like dominoes guided her to the optimal answer. Hiyuki suddenly looked up.

He's there! Using the force of explosion Animaru flew above, soaring even higher. And now that he reached the top of his jump, his eyes matched with Hiyuki's.

Animaru expressed a gruesome smile on his face which was polluted with soot and his own blood. He approached like a bullet using the force of gravity falling from the sky.

By sacrificing half of his HP, instead he gains an unavoidable attack, Fist Saint skill 'Kikougoukagetama' (Qigong of the Shadow Sphere).

"Deyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah !!"

Animaru's roar makes the air shake.

This will decide it. Hiyuki made her decision and jumped.

By consuming all of her MP, she will deal a great amount of damage using the Sword Saint skill 'Zeshoumeitsubasaha' (Swan Song of the Chirping Wing Blade)

"Haaaaaaaaaaaaaa—!!"

Screams of meeting with the enemy.

Will his attack come first? Or will my attack shave off his remaining HP first?

Still, considering each others remaining HP and special skill characteristics, I am surely in quite the advantageous position.

That's what she was telling herself, and Hiyuki who abandoned her defense, let her sword clash with Animaru's fist—

Instantly, Animaru fist changed into an open palm.

How can it be? Cancellation after invoking a skill is impossible—!! —Don't tell

me, including that scream, it was just a bluff?

In front of Hiyuki who had a shocked expression and wide eyes, the point of 'Sinner of Rose (Gilles de Rais)', had been stop by both of Animaru's palms.

It's Fist Saint skill 'Shirahadori' (Stopping Sword with Bare Hands).

This is something that depends on a player's ability so the success is by no means high. However, in the case that one is a top player, if he knows the released skill and the timing, the probability is surely high to succeed.

Animaru smiles ignoring his hand that tore by Hiyuki's skill wave.

"—Well, this is the difference between people who are used to PvP and people who aren't."

Approximately at the same time, he grasped Hiyuki's unsteady body in the air, and released a round kick.

Hiyuki's small body was blown away like was hit by an explosion.

She slid around on the stone pavement of the street, caught by something, jumping over it, and then slowly rolled to a stop.

'The Rose of Sinner (Gilles de Rais)' separated from her hands, stabbing into the ground.

"...khu..."

Hiyuki's hat was already gone, flying somewhere else long ago. Her summer dress couldn't serve its function to hide her underwear. She barely held onto her consciousness and unsteadily began to stand up.

"Hu~p"

The pit of her stomach was nailed with Animaru's Fist Warrior skill "Stun Blow", it ended her consciousness instantly.

"Wups...!"

Animaru supported the fallen delicate body with his single left hand. He looked into the face of the unconscious Hiyuki, after that he gazed through her whole body like he was licking it. He inserted his right hand under her underwear (Rose) confirming the feel then licked his own lips.

"It seems there is no harassment regulation. In that case, snitching food here would be fine too, but well, a dead lay won't be interesting. After I carry her and return, I shall thoroughly eat this delicious food."

A footstep from the debris on the ground sounded behind him as he left the place while humming "A person takeaway~". (TL: Takeaway could be mean take away a drunk girl for one night stand btw)

"...Wait a minute. Put Hiyuki back."

"—Hmm?"

When he looked back, he saw Joey (brat) who he thought that he'd already killed. Even though Joey had wounds all over his body and was breathing heavily, he confronted Animaru with hotly burning fighting spirit in his eyes. His hand grasped Hiyuki's beloved sword 'Sinner of Rose (Gilles de Rais)'.

"Oh kid, you're still alive? I thought you were already dead. That sword's defense power is surprisingly high huh..."

“Shut up! Stop your gibberish and release Hiyuki!”

Across from the angry Joey, Animaru stared back at him with an unamused face.

“You see, kid. That sword is Lv 99 equipment. Even if a brat like you grips it, it’s just the same thing as a pole. In the first place, with the skill of your level, what the hell can you do anyway?”

Animaru pointed out with his jaw, the surrounding disastrous scene that looked like it had been hit with a bomb. There was not a single moment of hesitation within Joey.

“So what!? Like hell I would lose to a bastard who harasses women!!”

Joey shouted as he went toward Animaru and attacked him with all his might.

“Stu~pid.”

Animaru murmured a single word with eyes like he was seeing trash. He casually added a counter blow with his vacant right fist.

Joey’s sword and Animaru’s fist clashed. The thick sound of a fist hitting flesh echoed.

In the next moment, Animaru’s body was knocked down with a violent force. He made a ditch in the ground that had lost its paving and rolled over.

“Wh—what?!”

## Chapter 3: Lion's Roar

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This time Hiyuki has no lines.

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My body was dominated by pain. All parts of my body were riddled with lacerations and the wet feeling spread out under my light leather armour.

In my vision I saw red which was unlike that of a flame. However, who cares about that--!

That man beat the smiling girl near him, and brought her away while smiling like a low-life.

Of course I won't allow it!!

I'll beat him, who looks down on me and talks rubbish, then I'll take back Hiyuki!

I was only thinking that as I swung my sword downward, but his fist approached in front my eyes ahead of time.

Even I don't need to look at the disastrous scene around me to know that if I receive that punch, everything above my neck will burst open like a pomegranate.

However, I won't close my eyes. I will pour my power into this one strike even if it costs me my life, till the very end.

However, belying Joey's determination, Hiyuki's sword in his hand "Sinner of Rose (Gilles de Reis)" passed through empty air.



--so it's useless. I am sorry Hiyuki.

Even though Joey resolved himself, through his eyes that he kept open in his determination, in an instant he saw that man's body fly into the sky like an old rag.

The dumbfounded Joey stood while keeping his posture of swinging the sword downward.

Before anyone noticed, in front of him he saw someone's back stand tall like a wall.

...Who?

He frantically blinked with his blurry eyes, looking at the owner of that back.

That man—or perhaps I should say old man—wore dark blue robes, his height was more than 2m and he had white hair. His severe looking face was decorated with a white bread, a therianthrope who could only be described as a lion. He looked at Animaru with a dangerous glint in his eyes, and handed over Hiyuki—who he took from Animaru who knows when—to Joey gently.

Flustered, Joey dropped “Sinner of Rose (Gilles de Reis)” and received Hiyuki with both arms.

“...I understand, the boy who threw the sword and took the girl. –You’re really a man.”

In the old man's severe face appeared a favourable smile for the first time.

"Who are you bastard?! Don't you dare mess with me!"

While standing up and getting out of the debris, Animaru snarled at him with an expression that burned in wrath.

Once again the face of that old man changed, and looked at him with a cool expression.

"So this is the vermin."

"...What? Don't you know who I am, you bastard?"

"I don't want to know and I don't need to know."

In an instant that old man closed the gap and drove his fist toward Animaru's face.

"Hmph, that kind slow attack wo---GAAHHH!?!"

In the place where Animaru talked with composure, as if there was a missing frame from a movie, in an instant the old man's fist exploded.

Though his face smashed into the ground and even bouncing back, through his endurance and stamina, he quickly got up and put distance between that old man.

"Die!"

He dashed and rained a barrage of punches “Banishing” through the old man’s body, however the old man who should have been in front of him suddenly disappeared.

“Wha!?”

Losing his target, his fist swung fruitlessly. At that time, the old man unknowingly appeared in his blind spot—the flank, and drove a kick toward Animaru’s pivotal leg, then smashed his unprotected temple with his elbow with all his might.

Together with a thunderous roar, half of Animaru’s body caved in toward the ground.

“Ga...Hag...!”

Though he can somehow stand up, because of a cerebral concussion his feet were unsteady.

“No way, I should have an overwhelming advantage in numerical value...but, this old man.”

Without even driving the final blow, that old man said this with uninterested voice.

“Hmm... even from the fight before I can see that you have strong power, yet you’re still far from being strong.”

“What did you say...!?”

“Your fighting style is just pushing down your opponent through

overwhelming power. The reason it always worked till now is perhaps because you fight in conditions where it's convenient for you, or because you only harassed those who were weaker than you. Because you never experienced a fight against someone stronger or a fight where you risk your life, when you confront someone stronger than you, you don't know how you should fight. In short, you have no creativity in fighting. Am I right?"

Even while feeling awed and having his vision drawn by him, Animaru spat the blood and saliva in his mouth to the ground.

"—so you say that you're that 'stronger person'? Who are you?"

"Well, I have thrown away my name. However people call me "The Beast King"."

Hearing that while still carrying Hiyuki, from Joey's throat there resound a muffled groan.

--Beast King!? Isn't he one of the only five SSS rank in the world?!

Animaru raised his eyebrows.

"HAAHH?! Beast King? That would be me!"

"Wrong, a hoodlum the likes of you pretending to be a King is ridiculous."

It seems his physical condition was finally back, Animaru readied himself once again.

"Then I will beat you until you die, and teach you who's the real one!"

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In the suburb of capital city Arra's prairie, there was a group of people who

ran vigorously, creating a cloud of dust.

“What’s the meaning of this?! I can’t contact the princess!?”

Tengai, who was in his dragon-man form, was running with such momentum that he would trample anyone who hindered his path be it humans, monsters, or even God. He asked the white haired boy with clear irritation on his face--Ikaruga who ran beside him (to be precise it’s Ikaruga’s true self “Yog Sothoth” clone).

“Unknown. Almost everyone who stood around to watch were taken down with no resistance.”

“No resistance?! No way, though those who keep watch this time were more suited for intelligence than fighting, they’re still elites from our country! There’s no way they would be taken out by this country’s humans with no resistance.....”

Hearing Tengai groaning words, Ikaruga fell deep into thought for awhile. While doubting himself, he said in addition.

“Certainly if it’s the people from this country then that would be impossible. – However if it’s a technique used by a transcendental person (players) then that would be...”

“Transcendental person (player)?! That’s im---“

However the possibility is not zero. On the contrary, when he talked with Hiyuki before about the lost coins and Lost Era that topic also come up.

--I should have investigated it more seriously. No, even though I must face Princess’s oppositions I should have been there myself!

Though he knew that, regretting now won't solve anything, it still came to him as he bit his back teeth.

In the first place, rather than running along the ground slowly like this, he really want to quickly soar in the sky. However since there's a patch between Imperial Crimson and Amitia, other than not being able to fly and land near the main city, if he forcefully breaks it, it's almost like smearing mud in the Princess's face.

While suppressing his gradually building exhaustion, Tengai put more power toward running with his legs.

Either way, with this pace he should reach Arra within 1 minute, after that—

“Quick, Ladies and Gentlemen! We will confirm Princess's safety and secure her! Don't go easy on anyone who stands in our way! Destroy anyone who stands in our way! I don't mind even if you destroy everything in Arra and kill everyone!!”

100% serious encouragement. The surging group gave a war cry.

However, there, standing in the direction of their charge was a man with gaudy armour and a mantle with red lining, a knight-like man could be seen. Since he is facing downwards his face was out of view.

Even while thinking that the figure was nostalgic,

“Get out of my way! Move!!”

Tengai yelled, however that man didn't even twitch let alone move from that place.



“Move—!”

One man in their group, Manticore with a face of a human and body of a lion, spread his bat-like wings and hopped toward the man.

In an instant, the great sword in the hand of that man flashed and cut the Manticore.

“Gahaa--?!”

Having his whole body cut, the Manticore fell to the ground.

It was still barely breathing, however if left alone it would surely die.

In a fluster, a pixie with healing abilities flew to it and healed it.

The Manticore is actually a pretty high level monster, furthermore this individual has experienced reincarnation three times, thus it should have the strength equal to the Seven Beasts of Calamity.

To be able to defeat it that easily...!

Unconsciously all of them stopped running and felt fear in their bodies.

On the other side, the man spoke with admiration.

“Oh, splendid, to think that it didn’t die after receiving that attack.”

That man swung his greatsword once and stored it by his waist, then raised his face.

Seeing that face, cold water poured toward the frenzied group.

That said, those who changed their expressions were only high level members of Imperial Crimson.

The one who knew that man the most, Tengai, opened his eyes wide to confirm it.

“Lubbock-sama.”

That golden haired youth that seemed to be in his twenties answered with a slight snort.

“Yeah. Though it seems you’ve gone through self evolution, the ally identification code seems to be still working.”

“Hey, who is he?”

Oblivious to it, Ogre Princess Sophia, who stared at that youth while catching her breath like Tengai, pulled Ikaruga and asked.

With that Ikaruga seemed to calm down a bit, and answered with a perplexed expression on his face.

“That person is one of the heaven people like the Princess, a transcendental person (player) Lubbock-sama.”

“? I don’t quite understand, but since he’s standing in the way won’t we need to bring him down?”

“We can’t!” Ikaruga answer is resolute as he shakes his head. “That person is Princess’ aide, the next person we—everyone from Imperial Crimson must obey after the princess, of course we can’t point our blade toward him.”

“Yep, it’s like that.”

Perhaps hearing their conversations, Lubbock shrugged his shoulders and nodded.

“Lubbock-sama, right now there’s a possibility that Princess is facing a serious situation. Can you step aside?”

Toward Tengai’s impatient request, Lubbock shook his head apologetically.

“I’m sorry, since I’ve been in Hiyuki’s care before I do wish for us to be on the same side. But I’ve received order to stop you guys here.”

“—order? You’re Princess’ aide, however the Princess hasn’t ordered you even once. Whose order is it?”

“You’re quite sharp. ...How should I say it, this world’s God or something like that.”

Lubbock answered it with a self mocking expression.

If they can’t attack their own people, then it’s all on us... thought Sophia and the rest, however Ikaruga who noticed it quickly stopped them.

“Stop it! Don’t throw away your lives uselessly.”

“Our opponent is human. We won’t know before we even try right?”

“The result is obvious! Just like how the Princess has another name “Elegant Princess of the Sky”, that person also has another name “One Man Army”. He’s the only one who was capable of defeating my main body by himself. The strongest man among the heaven people.”

All of them were dumbfounded after hearing that.

Everyone here saw the power of Ikaruga's main body in the last war. He defeated 'that' alone!?

"--He seems to be fun."

At that time, one man walked out from the group slowly and advanced toward Lubbock.

"...Who are you?"

Facing Lubbock who was full of doubt and knitted his brows, that man—Maroudo grasped his sword.

"Princess's kin and one of her retainers, Maroudo. Well, I am a newcomer."

"Hmm, her kin huh. Do you think someone who's only a cheap version of Hiyuki like you, can win against me who is stronger than Hiyuki?"

Lubbock drew the sword at his waist as he said that.

"Well, I need to at least try to be sure."

Maroudo's face had not even a shred of eagerness.

"Maroudo—"

Perhaps trying to stop him, Maroudo threw a glance toward Tengai.

"Lubbock-sama's sword it's even stronger than Princess's 'Sinner of Rose (Gilles de Reis)'. Your sword, Orgre Stroke, won't last long. Be careful."

Though he can't oppose Lubbock's command, he must confirm Hiyuki's safety.

Therefore, that's the limit of what his determination can do.

Toward Tengai, who showed the colour of suffering on his face, Maroudo grinned and raised his thumb toward him.

==

Because I wanted to create a refined adult character I made the Lion Beast King. The fundamental reason only that (Oi!)

Even with the ally identification code, if Hiyuki said "Lubbock-san? You can kill him just fine ☆" it would be cancelled, but at the present time they can't attack him. Against Tengai in serious mode, I think Lubbock would also be defeated, but the country might be destroyed.

## Chapter 4: Mad Flower's Twisted Brilliance

“Amazing.....”

Against Animaru's strong movements akin to a gale, the Beast King responded with soft movements with a combination of defensive body movements and feints.

Changing places until it made those who saw them dizzy, exchanging blow with their hands and feet, then they distanced themselves once again.

Neither one of them was stopping. Toward those movements that looked like a dance on top of water, Joey involuntarily raised his voice in admiration.

Then, perhaps because of hearing that voice or perhaps because the abnormal status from Stand Blow that Animaru used had worn out, Hiyuki, who was unconscious in Joey's protection, let out a little moan, 'nn..' and slowly opened her eyes.

“Hiyuki! Are you awake!? Are you hurt somewhere? Do you feel any pain?”

Perhaps because she wasn't fully conscious, Hiyuki gazed at Joey, who called her with a visibly joyful expression, with absentminded look. However,

“--!?”

Suddenly her expression changed, and in the next moment as if she was experiencing a fit. She bent backwards once, and then, as if enduring something she curled up her body. In that instant, her black hair flowing about, and her now bare back trembled repeatedly.

“Wh-what happened Hiyuki?! Is it painful!?”

Despite being flustered and calling to Hiyuki in worry, Joey’s ears still heard Hiyuki’s small, broken, but urgent, impatient and desperate mutter.

“.....ru...run.....can’t..push it..down.....Joey, get aw..ay.....from me... quickly.....”

Because of her hair and because she was facing down, Joey couldn’t see how Hiyuki’s pupils became more and more fiery and reddish, and how two long canines peeked out from her lips.

Mustering the last of her willpower she opened her storage space, but at the time she successfully took out a potion bottle from her storage, Hiyuki’s consciousness was dyed with a deep crimson colour.

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When he thought he finally grasped him with his right hand, suddenly the heaven and earth reversed, and even while rotating he was slapped to the ground. Even when sparks were flying about deep in his eyes and his consciousness turned disorderly, he instinctively jumped back while at the same time thunder-foot stepping at the place where his head was.

The ground was gouged out as if hit by a hammer and debris scattered around—and mixed among that was an assassination device in the shape of metal nail, which was thrown and stabbed Animaru’s defenceless left eye.

“Gaaaaaaaahh!!!”

The Beast King only gazed with uninterested eyes at Animaru who pressed his left eye and screamed.

“—Oh. You seem fine. I thought it stabbed through your brain.”

The Beast King slowly advanced.

Even against Animaru's fist warrior skill "Spirit Decapitation (Bash)", he dealt with it calmly.

Animaru, who took out the assassination device from his left eye with all his power, had blood flowing endlessly from it. Madness appeared in his remaining right eye, and he glared at the Beast King with a gruesome expression.

"Old man!! Die Die Die! I will kill you for SURE!!"

"If you still have a hand to play with then you should use it right here right now."

The Beast King answered him mockingly, Animaru's eye turned round as he looked past the Beast King.

In an instant, looking at Animaru's eyes that looked so surprised that he forgot the pain and anger he felt. There was a sinister sound of slurping something sticky from his back, the Beast King turned to look behind while keeping his vigilance.

Hiyuki was standing there.

Despite her figure being tattered into nothing even though she was collapsing right now, she stood on her own feet steadily.

Because her long black hair was covering her face, her expression couldn't be seen. However she held Joey on by his neck with her mouth. Joey was now



beyond pale-white as if he was paper.

Looking at Joey whose status was uncertain, had limbs thrown down like a doll, unmoving—not even showing a twitch, the Beast King’s expression turned even more severe.

“Damn! I wasted too much time on this old man. Vampire Princess’ Maddening...no, even Fencer’s Berserk too. –damn, I can’t read through her status!”

Looking at Hiyuki’s figure who was clad in a red-black aura, Animaru who understood the situation spat curses.

Fencer’s Berserk was a Fencer skill which activated when your HP hit 10%; Berserk—in exchange for a tremendous increase in status players lose the ability to differentiate between friend or foe, and become a mad fencer until they die or a certain amount time has passed.

Vampire Princess Maddening—it’s a special trait of the vampire princess race which activates when they don’t consume blood for a certain amount of time or when they face life threatening conditions. It will erase one’s own conscience, release their power limiter, and make them become a lump of self defence instinct, and attack anyone around them indiscriminately.

“But I’ve never heard of the two being activated at the same time...”

In the first place, among the users with the rare race vampire (princess), somebody who took fencer as their job would be perhaps only Hiyuki.

And as far as Animaru remembered, Hiyuki never experienced either maddening or berserk.

(It's either because her HP never reached that low or because of her paper armor so she met instant death)

"Either way, I won't be able to stop it."

At that time, the Beast King stopped caring about Animaru and ran toward Hiyuki.

"Stop!"

Facing the Beast King that tried to stop her, Hiyuki casually threw Joey who was in her mouth with the power of her jaw and neck.

The body of that boy flew like a cannonball,

"—Kuh!"

The Beast King who caught him with his whole body was unable to stop its momentum, even with his large build. He was pushed back 1 meter, making a trench in his wake.

At the same time, bam!! Together with her step which shook the ground, Hiyuki flew forward. At the place where the land exploded there appeared an earth pillar.

"Where is she?!"

Animaru looked around restlessly. Even though he surveyed his surroundings he couldn't find Hiyuki's figure. Where is—at that moment, he felt the violent thirst of blood from above and looked up.

--there!

She dug all of her fingers into a crumbling house's wall, and stopped there like

a spider.

As Animaru gasped at that scene, the wall exploded and Hiyuki's figure disappeared once again.

No--when he noticed she was already right above his head. Her tattered skirt fluttered and her right heel approached him.

Animaru parried it right away by crossing both his hands. As expected of a top ranker in Eternal Horizon Online (EHO), despite her unbelievable speed Animaru was still capable of responding.

Hiyuki was barefooted, on other side Animaru was equipped with Fist Warrior level 99 exclusive equipment, a back hand and wrist cover "Kanshou" which has been reinforced 9 times. With those absurd differences, there's no way his defence would be breached. At the same time that he stopped her kick, Animaru will force her back using the Fist Warrior skill "Knockback".

That was what he believed, however in the next second, at the same time the violent impact stopped, his face was already struck into the ground.

...Wha...what?!.....What the meaning of this.....?

He spit out earth and mud in his mouth together with his broken tooth and fang. (TL: I can't imagine it...)

Using his one eye, Animaru looked at his own two hands. The back hand and wrist cover "Kanshou" were deformed—not. Then how was he thrown to the ground?

When he wanted to get up, he noticed he couldn't move his hand. Then at that time he noticed the reason he was defeated. Both of his hands' muscles

were entirely ruptured, moreover peeking out through his skin from the inside were his broken bones.

Certainly “Kanshou” successfully defended against Hiyuki’s attack. However, his own two hands themselves failed to stop the impact and his two hands’ bones, flesh, and joints all were smashed apart.

In short, he simply lost in terms of strength.

In Animaru’s mind which was filled with shock, his conversation with the man who named himself the Beast King resurfaced.

“Your fighting style is just pushing down your opponent through overwhelming power.”

“Because you never experienced a fight against someone stronger or a fight where you risked your life, when you confront someone stronger than you, you don’t know how you should fight. In short, you have no creativity in fighting.”

Yes, that’s right. He always fights that way. No, to be precise he has no other means to fight. That’s the way of life he was forced into. And this was the result. However, there’s no other way, since I am...

Animaru’s hair was caught casually, and lifted up like a balloon.

In front of him right now were Hiyuki’s eyes that had a flaming scarlet radiance, and pure white fangs.

Though he came up with the plan to eat her, he became the one who was eaten. How ironic.

Well that’s fine too, as long as it’s not in the hand of “that guy”, you may as well end this shitty life of mine— while feeling strangely relieved and fulfilled in the depth of his quickly disappearing consciousness, he closed his remaining

eye.

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“Ugh....”

Though the young boy (Joey) who he caught was still barely alive, he had lost too much blood.

Though the Beast King tried to apply his ki to help Joey—whose body was so cold it would make you shudder—to recover, since Joey’s basic life force itself was not enough, it was futile.

That would also mean the pill and medical plants he possessed right now also wouldn’t do anything. Is there something I can do?

While desperately hoping for some sort of miracle the Beast King looked around him, and there in the place where the young girl stood before he saw a glass like bottle lying around.

Perhaps it’s medicine?

He moved to it while holding Joey, and quickly picked it up, opened the lid of the bottle, and smelled the scent.

Odorless.

And there’s nothing written on the bottle. A light yellow liquid that could be either poison or medicine, but he felt it was similar to a potion (wonder drug) made by an alchemist.

“.....either way he’ll certainly die at this rate. Then, I can only bet on this.”

Resolving himself, the Beast King gulped the liquid inside the bottle at once

and fed it mouth to mouth to the unconscious Joey.

The effect was—dramatically effective. Joey's skin which was pale until now turned healthy red, his body temperature, pulse rate, and breath all returned to normal and even his face which showed the shadow of death turned calm as if he was just taking a nap.

“Sluurp--!” The Beast King who just let a sigh of relief, suddenly heard that disgusting slurping sound once again.

As he raised his head to look at the source in surprise, Animaru who was fighting until a while ago was completely defeated. Hiyuki's fangs were digging into his throat and right now she was sucking his blood to the very last drop.

As if throwing away an empty can of juice, Hiyuki threw Animaru, whose life has already died out. Then with her unfocused pupils she looked at the Beast King.

--she's coming!?

The Beast King quickly put Joey down and readied himself, yet Hiyuki's mood suddenly turned calm as if the madness condition she had before was a lie. She stopped motionless at that place for awhile—but in the next moment, as if she was a puppet with her strings cut, she lost consciousness and tumbled down where she was standing.

It seems he successfully avoided battle. As he judged the situation that way, his shoulders relaxed.

At the same time, he could feel the presence of guards who ran towards them

in haste, he let out a tired sigh.

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Holy Kingdom Eon, Holy City Faximille.

At the uppermost floor of the “Blue Divine Tower”, the man with blue hair and bronze scaled skin who read the report, took a glance toward a crystal ball among many. Inside those crystal balls were specks of black and gold—which lined up near the wall which produced a ‘Pariin’ sound as it broke, and he snorted in disdain.

“So he died. Since the olden days he was a man who was only good at talking.”

Then he continued to look over the report.

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With this time the emergency ration was utilized.

I used the idea I received about Hiyuki berserk-fication as a basis. Thank you very much.

Also this is the first kissing scene between an old man and a young boy, I wonder how it ended up this way.

By the way, since what the Beast King used actually was a cure all medicine (which recovers both HP and MP greatly), it doesn’t have to be transferred mouth to mouth since it can be used by sprinkling it over a person.

Since it’s actually medicine which Hiyuki planned to use to cure her own maddening.

# Interlude 1: Delicious Food Worship

“I want pork.”

In the open storefront, towards my impolite request the ramen shop owner “Tonkotsu the Great” who was one of the lesser demons, looked at me fondly with an understanding expression and nodded solemnly.

“I understand, Princess.”

Then, he walked toward the corner where his employee, a High Orc who watched over the preparation progress, was and gave him instructions.

“Hoi, close the shop curtain. Later, hang the closed sign. –You’re still green, but I’ll leave the shop to you.”

“.....but, Boss!”

The employee responded with teary eyes.

“--? I only asked for pork, why it becoming something like a final farewell?”

At that time I felt a really bad premonition.

Then as if it’s something “obvious” he answered me, “Pork—that would mean you want my (Orc King) life.”

Because that answer was mostly expected, I fell, prostrated on the counter.



“How did it become like that! Then what if I said I wanted beef?!”

“Then that would mean I should kill and bring to you either Minotaur, the owner of the Gyuudon shop diagonally opposite from here, or Shiyuu, the blacksmith.”

Gaijin answered without a shred of cloud in his eyes. Even the High Orc employee nodded in agreement.

“Then if I said I want vegetables!?”

“Burn down the Yggdrasil forest behind the castle. Oh, as expected, starting a war against plant type monsters makes me want to go all out.”

Gaijin’s eyes shone. By the way, Yggdrasil is a paid gacha prize. After I planted 5 or 6 of them, before I noticed it had changed into a forest with giant trees that would make your eyes pop out. It became something similar to sacred grounds for plant type monsters or high elves.

Also, I wonder what happened with the one “Legendary Tree” with unknown origins which I planted there. If it became a place for confessions, I honestly will become angry.

Wait, if you burn that forest down, won’t it become civil war!? Will this country fall into civil war just because I want to eat vegetables!??

...then, I asked in desperation.

“Then, what if I ask for mutton?!”

Gaijin folded his arms with a difficult expression.

“Human, huh? Since there’s none in this place, then I must go down to hunt,

it'll take some time..."

"Why does mutton become 'human' meat?!"

"Eh, you didn't know? In a certain country humans were called "bipedal sheep." They called them sheep with two legs and ate them... well, for me, I prefer the animal one. Since the taste of human greatly depending on their environment, it's hard to find something to my taste."

At this situation, "Is there no normal meat?!", "Don't talk as they're it's the same!!", or "Why do you know something that even I don't know!?", I wonder which retort I should use.

"Then...what if I ask you to get chicken meat!?"

"Then I will introduce you to butcher in main streets."

"Why is only the answer for chicken meat normal!? Or rather, if there's a butcher then tell me that from the beginning!!"

Unintentionally, the stress that was building up inside me exploded, I raised the chair overhead and stepped onto the counter. In that instant, Gaijin's complexion changed,

"This is bad, Princess went berserk again! Help me, hold her down!"

At the same time as he called out to his employees, he activated the skill "Orc Summon" which summoned a dozen Orc soldiers.

"I.A.M.N.O.T—!"

“Blood! Prepare blood!!”

“It’s only pig blood, we already have five buckets!”

“Then, use that! I will hold her down, you guys pour all of it!”

“Don’t pour it~~~!! Or rather, there are some entrails floating in there!!”

All my screams ended in vain, being surrounded and captured by their joined forces (since the shop is narrow I can’t run, and I also can’t win with my strength), the blood and entrails were poured onto me.

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. .

After that, I borrowed the bath and changed my clothes, then explained to Gaijin again from the very beginning.

“...As I said, I only want to cook normally, I don’t have any weird intentions. Ah, also I want to borrow a place to cook.”

“Huh... Princess wants to cook?”

Why when I said that I wanted to cook they looked at me as if I announced a dog running in circles chasing its own tail?

I usually cook on my own for all three meals I had (though when I had a part time job I ate at the staff canteen on the second floor of the supermarket I worked at), even in game, I raised my cooking skill meaninglessly until the counter stopped.

“Even though Princess doesn’t cook, with one order a dragon will grill itself, or

you can just eat a pixy raw, or do you want to prepare them all at once? If Princess really wants to eat, everyone will voluntarily lie on the chopping board.”

Were the inhabitants of this country all like that? A rabbit that will fly into fire, something which appeared in old folk stories.

“That’s not it, I don’t want others to prepare it for me, since I’m visiting someone. I want to cook by myself.”

“Visiting...?”

Gaijin tilted his head with an expression as if he heard some kind of difficult formula. Well, for people from this country that’s something that’s far from their own common sense. They won’t even catch cold I’d say. (TL: stupid)

First, let’s talk to him about what happened awhile ago.

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“I’m really sorry. I don’t know how I should make up for this...”

Toward my apologies for the Nth time, Joey who sat in the inn’s bed also answered for the Nth time.

“As I said, you don’t have to mind it. At any rate the one at fault is that beastman bastard anyway, and I who accepted the escort request, yet was unable to protect you is the one who is at fault the most.”

Actually, he was scolded harshly by Gald-sensei because of that, Joey smiled

wryly as he said it.

“ ‘Protecting’ doesn’t mean you should confront an enemy who you have no chance of victory against. We are the jack of all trades, we must think of the safety of our client as our main priority and use ANY methods—not only fighting, to protect them. You can make use of advantageous terrain to run around, or quickly inform us about it.””

After that, he was told that it might be too early for him to get D-rank, and he became really afraid that he might be demoted. Ah, this is also the second request that I can’t fulfil in the end, he laughed in carefree manner.

However, how should I put it, despite having a near death experience twice, he has no intention of giving up on being an adventurer. In another sense he might be really talented.

Even so,

“Leaving aside the Animaru case, what I did to you after that is completely my fault. If the Beast King didn’t treat you, certainly you would already been dead.”

I shook my head lightly and look at my feet. The sight of a balloon skirt encased with a rose corsage and the floor entered my eyes.

“Well, that’s something akin to a sickness right? Then you’re not in the wrong.”

I explained roughly about the special characteristic of a vampire princess, but somehow he understood it that way. That innocence on the contrary hurt me even more, and the feeling of guilt in my heart increased...

“...No, despite knowing that possibility yet being unable to provide proper

measures is my fault. As I thought, I won't be satisfied with this. –At least hit me once!”

When I rose my head, Joey's eyes and mouth opened wide and in a hurry he shook his head diagonally.

“No way no way no way! There's no way I could do that. Moreover hitting a girl is a bit—“

“You don't have to mind my gender. You can treat it as if I am your close male friend, or someone you hate—or just thinking that the one in front of you is that Animaru and hit as hard as you can.”

“What kind of logic is that?! Or rather, I absolutely can't do that!”

Hmmm... certainly my appearance is completely a girl, perhaps it's difficult to accept something like that.

“...I am troubled.”

“I should be the one troubled here...”

It seems I heard Joey muttering something, but since I was in deep thought it passed through one ear and left through the other.

I threw my gaze around the room he's staying in. It's different from the cheap inns on the outskirts that he stayed at when he was an F rank. This place is akin to lower-middle class stuff. The room is bigger, there's even a desk and chair (where I am sitting right now), and also a wardrobe to keep equipment.

The bed is also fairly nice, there's a side chest beside it and that's where my get well gift was: a bouquet of roses which was put in a vase and decorated this place (the landlady not only lent the vase, she even arranged it for me).

Then, when I saw the tableware with leftover food beside it, I tilted my head in puzzlement.

“You don’t have an appetite? There’s still around half left.”

“Aah—” noticing my gaze Joey smile wryly. “Even though I’m sick, I still feel tired of eating risotto everyday.....that said I only feel a bit dizzy, it’s not like I’m wounded somewhere.”

“That dizziness is caused by lack of blood. That’s because even though your stamina is back the blood is still lost.”

Hmmm, since he lacks blood—then food which can increase his blood is necessary. To make blood you need protein, then that would mean meat. Other things are dairy products, something like cheese. Vegetables are also good for blood vessels, for quick energy recovery then it’s grains or oil, also sugar. Then, “that” might be good. It’s easy to eat too.

“—then, I will cook an easy to eat food and bring it to you when I visit tomorrow, as an apology.”

At my suggestion, Joey’s expression turned complicated.

“Cooking.... You will?”

“.....That’s rude. I don’t care if you’re unable to stand up because of the surprise after eating it!”

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“Haa, I see...”

Gaijin threw out a random answer with a face as if he’s understanding yet he doesn’t understand.

“Then, what do you want to make, Princess?”

“When it comes to meat, cheese, vegetables, and bread, of course that would mean a cheeseburger!”

“Hamburger huh? Then how about we buy it from the rivalling burger shops on the main road, ‘Death Burger’, ‘Burger in Monster’ or ‘Dung Beetle Burger Shop’?”

What a bunch of scarily named stores.

“...No, if we bought from there then that would mean it’s not handmade.”

I won’t be able to look him in the face anymore if my get well gift dealt a coup-de-grace to him.

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Then the next day Joey, who ate the cheeseburger Hiyuki made, was impressed by its deliciousness.

“It’s delicious! What is this thing!?”

As she looked at him while he happily ate in surprise, Hiyuki puffed her chest with pride and proclaimed,

“How is that, it’s pretty good, isn’t it?”



“This is incredibly delicious! It’ll be great if I can eat this cooking every day.”

Joey looked at Hiyuki with meaningful glance, but Hiyuki who didn’t notice it frowned and tilted her head a little,

“If you eat it every day, won’t the calories be bad for your body? Well, if it’s only once in awhile it won’t become a problem, so I’ll teach the landlady the recipe later.”

That answer dealt a coup-de-grace to the young boy’s heart.

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Later, the hamburger from this inn became famous and hamburgers were introduced to the all nations in the continent.

And perhaps there will be new dishes which are inspired from this.

## Chapter 5: Three Kings, Three Ways

The next day after that uproar, a heavy atmosphere enshrouded the king's private room in the Arra royal palace.

Although you might say that, the one who sunk in silence with a hard face was King Collard and Tengai who stood behind me wearing a tuxedo uniform. An excessively huge lionman of the beast tribe, the 'Beast King', who holds the Rank of SS exclusive to only 5 adventurers on this continent, is sitting with the two of them and calmly drinking his tea while feigning ignorance. Maroudo stood alongside the wall examining the situation, and grinned amusingly under his mask. And because Animaru's blood was perhaps unappetizing for me, or maybe it was because I drank too much, I was leaning over with my stomach in bad shape.

"...For the time being, it's fortunate that there were no civilian casualties."

King Collard, after rubbing his eyelids — his eyes were red, probably after dealing with after-processing an all-nighter — and fixing his glasses, he looked around at all of us and summarized the discussion like he was persuading himself.

"Like hell it was fortunate! Princess was attacked you know!? The heck are you—"

I raised my right hand to pacify the enraged Tengai.

"Hold it right there. In the first place, I was the one who refused to have bodyguards while traveling incognito, so the responsibility of walking out

defenseless belongs to me. Collard-kun isn't at fault here. First and foremost, even if there were hundreds of guards, it's meaningless against that kind of opponent. No civilian casualties is indeed silver lining amidst this disaster .”

Well, some of Ikaruga's subordinates who were secretly escorting and watching me seemed to be dead, but this relates to my country, so I didn't bring it up here.

“...Khu. But...”

He groaned in dissatisfaction, probably since he and the others failed their duty and didn't arrive in time. —Well, the truth is when we reunited, he was in a state where he could have died in a fit of anger due to his sense of responsibility. All of a sudden, he was cutting his own stomach open with his hand to commit suicide... Since my MP would be insufficient even under normal circumstances, and a huge amount of HP was reduced before my eyes, some way or another I healed him while drinking an MP potion that I had on hand, but I almost fell into berserk mode another time— Tengai bit his lips and cast down his face.

“Good grief, imagine if master Beast King didn't arrive when he did... it's indeed horrifying.”

Well, at that time I would be kidnapped, violated, being forced to do whatever he pleases... just like that? With that, all the enraged people of my country will destroy everything in this world without reserve until they find me. —Yeah, it's horrifying in two meanings.

“—Well, me being there was just a coincidence. Besides, the one who beat him in the end is Ojou-san.”

The Beast King released the cup from his mouth and shrugged his shoulders.

Since I was called ‘Ojou-san’, Tengai’s eyebrows twitched, but he endured it because that person saved my life.

“That situation is thanks to Mr. Beast King, isn’t it? Because you reduced... no, dealt a serious amount of damage to Animaru’s HP, it could be settled in such a short amount of time.”

That berserk status lasts practically no time at all. Since Animaru was in perfect shape without any injuries, it probably would have expired mid-fight.

Actually, as a newbie that was a really troublesome thing. Since, as long there were mobs nearby, even if they were passive ones, rampaging until my remaining HP finally reached zero became a common occurrence.

So, in those moments, in front of a monitor, there was nothing I could do but raise my hands in the air with a feeling of ‘It’s over!’

“At any rate, at the same time that Lubbock-sama arrived in front of us, that Animaru-sa...no, Animaru appearing in front of Princess is—”

“It’s probably not just by chance. To begin with, you could say that Lubbock-san was stalling you guys, so no matter how I think about it, they had to have joined forces. —Or rather, you guys were doing a good job not dying, eh?”

As I turn toward Maroudo with a look of ‘well done’, he returned it with light laughter ‘hahaha’.

“He sure is a monster. The best I could do was run around all over the place.”

“—Hou. He is an opponent that made you even go that far?”

The Beast King gave a fleeting look at Maroudo's mask. It seems there is some familiarity between S and SS rank adventurers. When I introduced Maroudo, he meaningfully snorted 'Pffff, Maroudo eh?'.

“Anyway, with only the pressure from his sword swings, the ground was cut open, the trees were mowed down, and the rocks broke into pieces... it was like fighting against a calamity in human form. So if wasn't for the armor and weapon that I received from Princess, I would have become two pieces of flesh ripped apart in not even more than a few blows. Nah, a bit longer would have be dangerous. Then he said —'It's time.' so I was saved.”

“Lubbock-san and that strongest sword 'Getsu' (Sever), being able to even fight directly against them is praise worthy.”

I thought so from the bottom of my heart. Maroudo seems to have been practicing against our round table members. If I were to fight poorly against him, I might actually lose.

“Well the opponent was obviously stalling so he wasn't taking it seriously, so I thought I would gave him a swift attack when he showed an opening but...”

Hmm, in other words, a lack of offensive power huh? Ogre Stroke is soon going to be insufficient for him. Slightly stronger equipment w...eh, unexpectedly the number of people around me who are stronger than me is increasing more and more...

Well, there's no point worrying too much about it. Right now I had to deal with the threat right in front me.

“—I see. Well, surely it was appropriate to deal with an opponent who was not taking it seriously... Were they using only a single sword?”

“Yeah... was he perhaps originally a two sword user?”

Towards Maroudo who warped his mouth showing an unpleasant face, I recalled Lubbock-san's fighting style from when this was a game, and then I shook my head.

“That's not quite right, when he's serious he uses nine swords at the same time. He's a nine sword user you know.”

Maroudo and King Collard fell forward, losing their strength. The Beast King just said a single “Hou” without any change in expression.

“Nine swords? How the hell did he handle it?!”

Dumbfounded Maroudo asked a natural question.

“Hmmm, well....there is a magical tool that floated the swords in the air and automatically made them attack. It was improved so they could freely move with the user's intentions. He fought using seven dispersed swords together with two swords in his hands, it's kinda like that I think.”

It's easy to put it into words, but thinking about those who could do such a thing, as far as I knew there was no one besides Lubbock-san.

Originally, the ability to make a sword fly and attack comes from an item, a back piece. However, on top of the monotonous movements, the AI was not flexible. It didn't attack the enemy you wanted it to attack, and attacked extra enemies as well, so its user friendliness was poor.

For that reason, a day later a chest piece item control sphere was added that could control the movements manually due to player demand, but it was ignored. There was no way to control it simultaneously while in battle. It took two precious slots, both the chest and back. Due to that it was judged

worthless, and many players treated it as a trash item. However, the only one to use it, Lubbock-san, made the impossible, possible.

At that time he got flamed often, with insults like he was using a bot or an illegal mod. As a guild master I could make a declaration: that he does not use cheats. If he's supposed to be a cheat, that's just his existence.

The first and probably the last nine sword user, many people thought that it was just some sort of trick. The secret though, is 'Parallel thought' —a talent that lets you perform multiple tasks together at the same time (Although, he was restricted by the number of feet and hands that he had, so he couldn't use the entirety of his extended keyboard simultaneously. Therefore, some swords except his main, the 'Getsu' (Sever), —the eight swords are: Hana(Flower), Tori(Bird), Kaze(Wind), Tsuki(Moon), Yume(Dream), Mabaroshi(Phantom), Abuku(Bubble), and Kage(Shadow)— had some lag).

Therefore if he's serious, dealing with Lubbock-san is the same as dealing with nine max level players, so at least for me I absolutely can't win against him. It's better to fight him with a class that has powerful long distance attacks. Magicians match up well against him. (Although his class is God Dragon Knight which by nature has high defense, still it's a 'better' match-up).

“...Really unthinkable eh.”

Maroudo shook his head with a feeling beyond admiration.

“Well, he is a genuine genius after all. —Rather, was it really Lubbock-san himself?”

To my question that I asked as I turned my head back, Tengai firmly nodded in assent. And then, he looked back at me in wonder.

“There is no mistake. —Is there any point that was ambiguous?”

“Rather than ambiguous, it’s that Lubbock-san followed someone’s commands which is unbelievable. After all he is the ‘One Man Army’, right? I don’t know if that someone is a god or whatever, but the fact that he was being ordered around, I can’t understand it at all.”

Although I said it like that, it’s not that Lubbock-san’s personality was bad. He’s just the type of person who is clear on what he likes and dislikes, and he clearly refuses what he hates.

And what he especially hates is supposedly being the type of person who gets ordered around by a superior.

“If I could have talk directly with him then the situation might have been a little different, but I was busy dealing with an opponent that resembled Animaru-san...”

“Then ‘resembles’ means that he isn’t that person...?”

“Hmmm, that point is a subtle thing. Indeed, with the collection of the dead body and the collected arm and foot guards, it’s been judged that they are unmistakably ‘Kansho’ and ‘Byakuya’...”

However, there is something of a subtle, uncomfortable feeling.

“Since we were both occupied, I didn’t have a chance to personally talk to him, but I don’t think he was a person with a screw in his head that was that loose~”

Well I don’t know for sure since he was behind a monitor, but if the real person inside was actually like that... it might be possible too.



Still, I feel that something was different.

“...I wonder how should I put it, maybe that he was lacking in human nature.”

“I have also felt that. It was like talking with a child. Either way, I got an odd impression.”

The Beast King also agreed with my words.

“However, I surely can’t think of him as anyone other than Animaru-san. Therefore for the time being perhaps we should sum it up with ‘there is potentially someone that very closely resembled him to that extent’.”

Well, even for me when it’s about drinking an acquaintance’s blood and killing them, as expected I would have uneasy conscience, so I want to keep thinking about it in that manner.

“...In that case, Lubbock-sama as well?”

“That’s right. For now, could you accept them being ‘someone similar’ as common knowledge?”

“Yes! Acknowledged.”

Tengai gave his bow in affirmation. With that, the Beast King put his tea cup that he drank from back onto the table.

“Since that topic is now dried out, would you hear my story?”

Those words made the relaxing atmosphere in the room freeze once again.

Receiving the surrounding gazes, the Beast King continued his words with a considerably unimportant tone.

“It’s not something that’s considerably important. It’s just that my motherland, Cres Kingdom is leaving the Cres Centluna Federation. And so, could we be accepted into the Imperial Crimson governed by Ojou-san?”

“W—WHAT!?!”

King Collard screamed.

## Chapter 6: Beasts' Shrine Maiden

Midnight, at the wasteland with nothing but blowing wind and the sound of howling beast, a young girl walked with a pure white parasol.

She seems to be in the first half of her teens, her long hair was black as night and tied up as if it was a bundle of silk. Even in the dark, it seemed to be shining. She had lustrous pure white skin without impurities, as if it was made by melting the moonlight. With the addition of her sparkling—inlaid garnet-like eyes, she was a girl so beautiful that you might mistake her as work of art.

Her dress was also a splendid article which suited her. A sleeveless dress with black as its basis—with square type decolletee and luxurious skirt with a lot of drapes—along with a rose corsage. Her headdress, white stocking, and even her black pumps also were highlighted with roses.

Even so, the figure that would be showered with attention in high class society, at this time and place can only be said to be bizarre. By some chance if someone saw her, after being released from her charm they might be frightened, thinking it may be ghost or monster and run away at full speed while praying non-stop.

It's that kind of impossible spectacle.

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“Well, certainly, only night burglars or monsters will appear in this kind of place at the dead night.”

I let out a sigh as I looked at the scenery, a rugged rocky area and wasteland.

“Or rather, as a beastkin base, I thought there would be more flowers and plants, fresh and green with clear rivers or a pond.”

“Princess, this place is too rural...or to be precise its appearance is miserable.”

From inside my chest area—integrated with “Pet Unification”, Utsuho lamented.

“Well, that’s true. In the first place, this country—Kingdom Cres is where the beastkin ran away to after losing against humans.”

“Though ups and downs in life are common occurrences, this beast follower is really disappointing. If they lost their guts just because of this, perhaps it’s better that I—as a divine beast deal with them personally as a form of compassion.”

Utsuho muttered something dangerous with a vexed tone.

.....Hmm. This time the one I brought to their stronghold is the Nine Tailed Fox (Utsuho) which is equal to God for them, but perhaps it’s the wrong decision.

If “The Successor of the Beastking” which I will meet after this is a coward or a big-mouth, it’s possible that today will become the last day of the beastkin tribe...

Uugh... though the Beast King wrote me a letter of introduction, I feel like I’m entering a friendly troop encampment while carrying a bomb with a lit fuse.

Then, from under my feet, the shadow—which should be thin like the one made from the moonlight, yet in reality was deep black even in this dark night—had wriggled.

“Hm? Ah, it seems we arrived.”

Human eyes might not be able to see it, but I can see it clearly with my eyes; a fence and moat which was made on the horizon, and the smoke from cooking that flowed from ten-odd tents.

It should be the “successor” I heard from Beast King, the moving village of the lion tribe.

“Well then, you never know what will happen...”

I slightly increased my walking pace.

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I thought there would be some dispute, but when I gave them the letter of introduction from the Beast King and said my name, they quickly guided me to the biggest tent, and let me sit at the first rank seat of honour with red carpet spread out leading to it.

Inside the tent which was illuminated with a bright red bonfire, in front of me who actually—though they couldn't be seen because of my skirt—was sitting in bad manner 'wariza' (alias...women sitting posture. Though the name is like that, it's comfortable since it won't make my legs numb!). A girl with chestnut coloured short-cut hair, she was a cheerful girl with big eyes who looked like a 13-14 year old, and a nervous old man around 60 years old with white hair, prostrated before me. They have lion ears on their heads.

(TL notes: If you don't understand, Hiyuki is still thinking to preserve her dignity as a man—that's the reason she put the reasoning about a 'woman's sitting posture')

By the way, what they wore is something like an Ainu native dress.

It had a colourful embroidery and appliqué, a short robe with a front overlap like Japanese clothes and was pinned with a thin sash. They wore easy to move in trousers and boots from animal leather.

Though the girl's basic tone is white and red while the old man is a more inconspicuous dark green, it seems there's not much disparity between men and women.

Then, the girl raised her head.

Because what appeared in front of me was a doll-like face which usually appeared in shop windows, I quickly corrected my sitting posture as if nothing had happened.

“Pleased to meet you. My name is Asmina, the milk-sister of the next chief of the Nu Gruv tribe—Revan, and also his de facto wife.”

Hearing that introduction I was unconsciously taken aback.

--the hell!? Wife!! Formal foster brother and sister marriage she said~~~!!! Unforgivable. I will behead that eroge bastard!

At once, my favourable impression towards the beast king successor—Revan she said?—has been reduced by 200 points before I even met him. Moreover, the love rival is 5 to 6... alright, it's war!

Then, the old man raised his head, and after clearing his throat lightly, he glared at Asmina to his side.

“—Asmina-sama, your joke is too much.”

Though Asmina tried to avoid his gaze, perhaps because of the pressure, she once again faced me and bowed her head.

“...My apologies. My name is Asmina, the sister of the next chief of Nu Gruv

tribe—Revan, and also the head shrine maiden. –I’m sorry, the wife stuff is an arrangement for the future.”

She corrected it embarrassedly.

“ ...”

What’s with this girl. Is she really a shrine maiden? Isn’t she too free spirited?

“My apologies your majesty. I am Jisis, counsellor of Nu Gruv tribe. We feel endless gratitude for your majesty to come from far to visit us.”

The old man—Jisis bowed his head deeply once again.

“I don’t need formal greetings. More than that, I thought it was written in the introduction letter, but, can I meet the ‘Successor of the Beast King’?”

Hearing my words, the two of them seemed troubled and exchanged glances.

“Actually... it’s embarrassing to say but Revan-sama right now is not in the village, he lives alone in the sacred mountain near here...”

Eh, then this visit is meaningless?



Perhaps because it showed on my face or it was the shrine maiden's intuition, without a shred of hesitation, Asmina made a proposal.

"Then, since I'm about to do my daily duty of sending supper and tomorrow's breakfast to brother (foster brother) I can pass on a message... or if it's urgent, we can come together?"

"Hm... Since I'll be bored if I wait, is it fine for me to go together?"

"Yes, with pleasure. —Then, I'll make preparations in due haste."

Looking at Asmina's back as she stood up excitedly, I unconsciously said this, "—even so, since you said it's your daily duty, did you go deep into the mountains every day? It seems tough."

"That's not true."

Asmina turned back and showed a carefree smile like a sunflower.

My first impression of her is that she's a weird child, but perhaps I needed to amend that.

She's a good child who cares about her brother.

But, Asmina added still with smile in her face.

“Since it’s common sense to continuously feed animals which are still not quite attached to you.”

“...”

I-I think I heard something I shouldn’t have.

...I think that was an auditory hallucination.

Yup, I didn’t hear anything.

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As I am chatting with Jisis in front of the tent while waiting,

“I am sorry to keep you waiting.”

Asmina with a little basket which seemed like it was plaited with strings like plants in her back, had returned.

I thought surely the guard would come together with her, but it appears she goes alone, I feel a bit worried.

“Is it fine really fine for a girl to walk alone at night?”

“It’s fine, I’m used to it. Moreover, for the Nu Gurv tribe, this level of darkness doesn’t pose any problems.”

She said that and blinked, in the very dim light her eyes glittered with a golden colour.

I see, so it's a structure like that of a nocturnal animal that allows their eyes to gather light and amplify it. Then, though it's not as good as mine, a journey at night won't pose a problem.

"Moreover, I also have a guide—"

From her clothing around her chest area a pure white stoat-like animal jumped out and sat near Asmina's leg.

"—Oh. It seems it's a sacred beast."

Utsuho muttered in slight admiration.

"This is my friend Hari-chan. This child will tell me if there's something out of the ordinary or something dangerous. —Hari-chan, greet her majesty."

Urged by Asmina, the sacred beast (Hari), after shouting with maximum vigilance "HIHI!! —kyuu....." It opened its eyes wide and showed its belly, playing dead.

...what a rude animal.

".....eh? I wonder what's wrong, is it today's performance?"

The confused Asmina grabbed its tail and let it dangle in the air.

Then after it didn't bulge from feigning dead after she poked and tickled it, she stowed Hari (sacred beast) back at her chest.

"Since its condition seems bad today, please allow it to greet your majesty later."

"...well, I don't mind even if it doesn't greet me. But will you be fine without Hari (sacred beast)?"

"It's fine. There's no dangerous monsters in the way, and it's a familiar route for me as a commuting wife."

Though she said it with an excellent smiling face, there were some inappropriate words mixed in. Jisis who was standing at the side coughed—clearing his throat.

"Moreover—" Asmina look at me and said it as if it's something obvious. "Today, I am going together with everyone."

..... "Everyone" huh. It seems she's not a fake shrine maiden. Not only did she notice those who guarded me secretly—she might have also noticed Utsuho who was unified with me.

Actually, since I am being targeted, I'm not thoughtless enough to go walking alone nonchalantly. Other than Utsuho who became one with me through pet

unification, there's also Kokuyou who hid below my feet with shadow movement, additionally standing by high in the sky is Izumo the Azazel, who among the thirteen generals has attack power comparable to Ikaruga. Furthermore, the flying garden itself was also following in the distant sky.

The plan is if by some chance someone equal to Animaru appeared, everyone will gang up on them, but there's no indication of something like that right now.

Well, after I met with the said "successor", we will decide whether we will cooperate with them or not.

"Then, let's depart!"

Following Asmina who walked ahead in high spirits, as I fully enjoyed the clear night sky, I muttered to myself.

"Yeah. –Today is a fine night."

## Chapter 7: Young Lion King

It was close to the mountain. Although, 'close' was using the standard of the beast man tribe's walking ability. It would probably take normal humans around 2-3 hours to reach.

Within the darkness of the night, Asmina, who could run there in less than an hour, stopped once she was at the foot of mountain and turned her head toward me.

"It's amazing, your majesty. How could you not become breathless from running such a distance without resting?"

"Well this degree is nothing special for me though...uh the stink here is really the worst.

Oh, by the way, you can call me 'Hiyuki'."

It's probably the smell of the volcanic gas and sulfur. Since particularly at night time the air is clear, it made the surrounding smell prick my nose. I answered her while covering my nose and mouth with a handkerchief that I took out.

"So I will call you Hiyuki-sama then. Please call me Asmina without any hesitation. If you like, you can call me Asmin, or even Aspon!"

...No matter how you put it, she is a really a high-spirited miko-san, isn't she? For me who is basically a downer type, this type of person is causing me mental

fatigue.

“Ah, from here on we are going to be climbing up. It’s a gravel road, and since it’s dangerous we have to walk, but we’re gonna arrive soon so it’s okay.”

The place where she pointed at is nothing but a deluded mountain. I wonder if there is a person living there. Perhaps he’s considerably eccentric, this beast king successor.

“Also about the smell, well there is no choice but to get used to it. —Ah, however, if we bathe in the hot water that gushes out here, our skin will become smooth so it’s handy.”

Fumu, so there’s a natural volcano spring gushing out water eh.

Then, after she said that, I noticed Asmina staring at my face—or rather, she even stared at the exposed side of my chest with a glance fully loaded with secret motives.

“—Is, is there something...?”

For some reason I hid the side of my chest with both of my hands and took 2-3 steps backward.

Without anyone under this night’s moon, together with only this carnivorous type of girl, she’s giving me a hot gaze and licking her lips...huh, is this unexpectedly a crisis?

“Well~ Hiyuki-sama’s skin is pretty. Is there some secret behind it?”

Ah, so that is the motive...

“No, rather than a secret, basically it is probably because I just don’t walk about much when the sun is out.”

Even though I have resistance to sunlight, it is not fitting for my normal condition, and it splendidly dries up my skin. (Therefore, I use a parasol on a routine basis.)

“Hm~mm, that’s difficult. In my tribe’s situation, we have to work outside at any cost. Is there something else?”

“...Next is using essential oils. —As for me, I use a rose one.”

“Hou-hou, if that’s the case I could manage it somehow. Will any essential oils do?”

Asmina’s eyes are sparkling, and she’s really getting into it.

Eh? Hasn’t this kinda became girls talk?

The purpose for us coming here is...what again?

“Basically anything is fine, but there are preferences pertaining to the smell, right? However, it has been said that when applying the orange type, the stimulus is strong not long after contacting the sun. ...Um, shall we depart soon?”

“—Aah, is that so. Let’s go!”

Hm-hmm, seems Asmina, who asked the question curiously, finally calmed down. She begins to climb the mountain road that stands before me.



“...—So, is there anything else besides essential oils?”

Yo-you are going to continue this topic once more?

Why is it that we are having this conversation while climbing a mountain? This question mark fully floated above me as we were having endless chit chat about things, like how to make homemade care products or the way to clean up a honey face mask while we continue our slow climb on this deluded mountain which is said to be sacred.

Also, if you’re asking a question like why is it that I have such knowledge, then maybe I could say that it’s been more than half a year since I’ve become a woman and there have been various troubles behind the scenes...or how should I put it? ...Well, I leave it up to your imagination.



Now, around 40 minutes after we started our climb.

“At any rate, about this next tribe chief—”

“He is Revan-niisama, called ‘Young Chief’ by the villagers, Hiyuki-sama.”

“Why does this young chief, Revan, reside in the deep recesses of the mountains all by himself?”

“Who knows...? Around one year ago, he abruptly left the village without telling me, this (milk) little sister of his, and secluded himself here. Even when I

asked him for the reason, he firmly refused to answer so I don't understand. I think villagers go to the sacred mountain for training, but brother is not supposed to have that admirable spirit."

...she is unexpectedly harsh, eh.

"I see. But it's quite surprising. I thought since Asmina seems to love young chief Revan, you would praise him highly."

After I said so, Asmina opened up her story with the entranced eyes of a girl falling in love which looks like her projecting her delusions about her (milk) brother.

"Of course, I love my brother, I really love him. During the times when we lived together I fed him myself, I crawled into his bed when I woke him up in the morning, and I washed my brother's laundry since it's satisfying to sniff them."

Aah, Revan-kun. You can't bear it so you escaped huh...

However, Asmina's calm face returns and she continued.

"But, seeing brother's personality with my personal taste and objectively is different. Besides fighting, he is basically a useless person. —Well personally, he is cute, including that uselessness too, so I am caring for him till he goes bald from stress by raiding him morning to night."

Once again, Asmina's face loosened.

—Revan, do your best! Hang on!

I privately sent my encouragement to the beast king candidate who I still

haven't met.

Also, this girl really loves her (milk) brother!?

Then, perhaps having calmed down, Asmina swiftly turned downhearted.

“...Recently, even when I went to visit him like this, I had to deal with his annoyed face —By any chance, does he hate me?”

Hmmmm, I was puzzled with what action I should take. But well, if a girl feels down I have to comfort her right?

“I think that's not true. If he really hates you, he wouldn't eat the meals you send every day, and he would have gone somewhere else long ago. In fact, the fact that he stayed in the same place for even a year, in spite of all that he has said, doesn't that mean it's evidence that he longs for your visits? Well, it could be said to be due to the unfrank male instinct.”

“I see. It must surely be that, now that you mention it.”

Asmina nodded with a relieved face. This girl is awfully resilient.

“Still, Hiyuki-sama knows very well about the male mentality. As expected, from personal experience...?”

“You could say so. I had irrefutably tasted the male mentality for a long time.”

After nodding earnestly loaded with feelings, ‘Kyaah~ kyaah~ tee hee~’, Asmina raised a flirtatious voice, whistle, and teased me.

...What a completely undignified miko. Really.

Then, her high spirited mood completely changed; Asmina abruptly stopped and halted me with one hand. Her other hand put her index finger to her mouth.

“——Shhh! From here on is brother’s territory. Please be quiet.”

Well, the one making noise is you. Also, what did she mean by ‘territory’?

Answering my question, Asmina picked up a nearby stone and threw it toward the gravel path in front – a bit further where there is twig shaped like the letter ‘Y’.

‘CRASH!’ The mouth of a bear trap closed up.

“...As I thought, there are traps huh? From here on its dangerous if we don’t proceed carefully.”

.....

“...Wh...Wh...Wh...”

What was happening? Why there are traps? Why does she know? There are a lot of questions I would like to ask, but my voice wouldn’t promptly come out. My posture stiffed as I pointed at the bear trap.

Although, she probably knows the gist of what I want to say.

Asmina gave a nod and summed up the explanation.

“It’s a trap that was prepared by my brother. From here on there are countless traps that have been set so I don’t approach him. Because of that,

please never touch anything nor walk outside the path I walk along.”

“Eh!? What is with that...?”

“It’s what Hiyuki said before. It’s all about the unfrank male instinct.”

While saying that, the sacred beast that seems to have revived, left her bosom and walked after Asmina.

As I am looking at the backs of their figures, from the depths of my heart I firmly thought,

—Wrong! That’s wrong! This is a manifestation of the feeling of frank refusal!!



Afterwards, we went through traps again and again. Ones like pitfalls, logs that came out between bushes, falling stones, and even wooden spears that would suddenly fly out... we finally reached the small sized tent where Revan, the young chief, lived alone.

Why had I suffered such hardships? I regretted it from the bottom of my heart while following the main cause of this hardship—Asmina. However, I was relieved as the goal had finally been spotted.

However, for some reason Asmina didn’t directly go into the tent; she went along a side road.

“...? We aren’t going into the tent?”

“At this time, brother isn’t here.”

For some reason, Asmina replied as her breath became rougher.

“The reason is he bathes at this time. He’s supposed to bathe at the hot spring below here. Since there is an ideal point, let’s go to the tent after we’ve fully enjoyed it.”

“...Err, I am not interested with something like the male naked body, so it’s better if we wa....”

“Not interested!! You’re saying that brother doesn’t have charm!?”

Asmina drew closer while making a skillful action of screaming as she muffed her voice. Her pupils completely opened.

“... iamsorry. Itsveryinteresting.”

“Home wrecker! You’re planning to steal brother from me!?”

Her pupils changed into a carnivore’s with all her strength.

Haa~, bothersome~, a girl in love is bothersome~

As I think so while continuing to somehow calm her down, we finally arrived together to a place with a big square stone at 1.5m in height and 3m in length, which is the said to be an ideal (peeping) point, 7-8 meters from the man-made hot spring.

...In the end, is it hopeless not to peek?

“The view from the top there is superb. ...Hiyuki-sama, please go ahead.”

Asmina pondered for a moment and then conveyed the destination to me.

While thinking thoroughly that there was nothing to worry about, I placed my hands on the rock and jumped, then place my feet on the top. That moment—

I feel that I stepped onto some kind of thin clothes, and instantly, a rope forming a circle caught around my ankle, perfectly strangling me. Coincidentally, with the tension of a tree that leaned down to the ground and returned back to its original position, I was hung upside down from the tree in a mere moment.

In the midst of me flying, I feel that I heard Asmina’s murmuring, “As I thought, a new trap had been set,” but at the time I wasn’t thinking about that. I was confused while desperately pinning my skirt.

Then, perhaps being noticed due to the sound, a boy of about 15-16 years of age, with dark brown skin and light brown hair darker than Asmina’s, appeared from within the steam with a figure that only had a towel wound around his back.

His height is fairly tall, but he seems to be still growing so overall the line is thin. Although his body is quite forged, muscularly and slender without any pieces of flab. He made a bothersome face, unsuited for his wild features, and looked toward my direction.

“You’ve come to peep again huh? Even though you say that we’re milk siblings, you need to—”

His gaze matched with mine.

“...Who are you?” he pondered a moment and then added, “—a female pervert?”

I shook my head, denying it with all my strength.



## Chapter 8: Beast King Successor

“... Please forgive me, it was completely inexcusable.”

Sitting on ground that is only covered in fur would make my butt hurt, so I'm using a convenient wooden box as a chair. Towards me, the young chief of the Lion tribe, Revan, is sitting in a seiza near the entrance of this narrow tent. He prostrated himself with a face that was worn out for some reason.

By the way, what he was wearing, as you could have expected, wasn't a piece of his towel—Well, after what happened, when he had been beaten to hell due to Utsuho's and Kokuyou's rage, it slipped off. I turned my face because I didn't want to see it—Right now, he wore a native dress that resembles his sister's, who sat beside him with a natural face.

However, in contrast to Asmina's, which had a white and red colored theme, this one here has a white and blue colored one and another point at the head, which is a blue bandanna. As a matter of fact, speaking of differences, I think it is quite different.

In addition to his apologies, Asmina also bowed her head at the same time.

“Hiyuki-sama, I am really sorry that my brother doesn't know common sense.”

‘You don't have the right to say that!’ —The words almost popped out of

Revan's throat, but before the important guest (me), he managed to pin it down at the last moment while trembling.

Well, I know how you feel. I almost made the same retort.

"Ugggghhh..." Revan groaned inside his throat. He glared sideways towards Asmina while grinding his teeth saying, "Speaking of the cause, wasn't the culprit you who invited her to peep? I was seriously about to die just a moment ago you know. I saw our dead fathers beckoning me over to the flower garden on the other side."

Umm, rather than about to die... since he was beaten by Utsuho and Kokuyou when they weren't holding back (As expected, Izumo and others in the sky held back), he was 100% dead and floated like drowned corpse in the hot spring, so I used Resurrection.

Be that is may, as would be expected from the Beast King Successor. He didn't die instantly from those two. The fact that he held them back in the nude for nearly 20 seconds is considerably great. I admire that, you know. And then, even though her big brother (Revan) went through such an unfortunate experience, the culprit who caused this made a lewd face and continued peeping, in some way that's also admirable.

"In the first place, isn't Revan-nisama the cause, since he placed those annoying traps at the mountain road where you won't even know if someone else goes there?"

Revan's complaints went into the wall, and Asmina warded them off without hesitation.

"If you didn't do those perverted things, I wouldn't have to do something like that!"

Revan curses with a low voice.

“...Well, these circumstances are family matters, so I won’t mind that.”

Or perhaps I should say that I don’t want to get involved.

Therefore, from a different angle—I tried to throw Revan a question that bothered me since before I came here.

“The fundamental question is why are you living deep in the mountains like this?”

“To protect myself from my insane little sister.”

He replied with a clear answer.

...Well, I could understand that.

“Revan-niisama, Hiyuki-sama was asking the question seriously, so why don’t you quit with your usual jokes and give it a serious answer?”

Sadly, at Asmina, who chided her brother, and towards her attitude, as expected he had ran out of patience, so Revan shouted without hesitating in public.

“It’s not a joke! At the time when I was at the village, you arbitrarily disposed of my tableware and replaced it with a married couple’s set. You always prepare 2 sets of pillows inside the bed. 24 hours a day, you stand watch with the sacred beast (Hari), and even if I just talk with other woman on the roadside, attacks skill come flying! Thanks to me disappearing, you finally earnestly did your daytime training. The elders were also pleased!!”

“Isn’t it all just cute imouto non ill-will play?”

“There was clearly ill-will and secret intentions!”

The conversation is looping somewhat.

“...Err, what I want to hear is not personal reasons. Regarding this country’s current situation, what is the problem regarding your position?”

Was it self-concealment? Were they averting their eyes from the core issue? I don’t really know, but if I didn’t ask this one here—the one who is the Beast King successor—it’s out of the question.

While recalling the conversation with the Beast King a few days ago, I tried to straight out ask it.



‘Cres Kingdom, which centers the Cres-Sentluna federation, is withdrawing from the federation and will be under the jurisdiction of Imperial Crimson.’

The smooth bombshell announcement from the Beast King caused King Collard to widely open his eyes, Maroudo grin in interest once more, and Tengai to make an expression of ‘So what? The world is princess’s’, so I lightly stopped him, and as for me—I cocked my head in puzzlement.

“—Why?”

“Answering about why... if I have to say it frankly, there is no other way for Cres kingdom to survive other than doing that. It’s the only answer.”

I see. I don’t understand.

“Cres-Sentluna federation is the continent’s biggest country, right? Why did you talk about Cres kingdom, which is at the core of it like it was on the edge?”

Ojii-chan, did you grow senile?

“As a matter of fact, you can call that biggest country a tiger made up of paper. The reality is Cres Kingdom and Centluna country are nothing but a mish-mash of assembled groups.”

The Beast King lightly shrugged.

“By the way, Cres is a country which named itself a kingdom, but they don’t have anyone as a king. A great number of beastman tribes comprise the country as a tribe unit. When some important event occurs, major tribe leaders gather to make decisions.”

King Collard gave a note without a delay.

“Then, what is the ‘Beast King’?”

“It’s simply something that passes on just as a decorative title.”

King Collard denied with all his strength the words of the Beast King who sneered while replying with a bit of a warped mouth.

“It’s outrageous! ‘Beast King’ is a title given to the strongest beastman tribe warrior. Basically, for beastman tribes who obey the strongest person, surely it would be the ‘king’. That power is so enormous; it reaches not only the Cress kingdom, but also beastman tribes that rule in neighboring countries. For example, if Cress Kingdom, that was ruled by the old Beast King, is withdrawing from the federation, at least 10 neighboring countries will also do the same.”

The Beast King did not particularly deny those words, and he suddenly became curious about something... with that appearance he asked me a question.

“In the first place, the ‘Beast King’ is said to have existed since the lost era. It’s a title that was decided and shows the respect of the legendary beastman that was equal to a god. —Which reminds me, that fool of a person was also calling himself a ‘Beast King’. Was Ojou-san acquainted with that person? I wonder if you know something.”

His tone is light, but with a sharp glint in his eyes, he was watching each of my reactions one by one. Replying to him, I shrugged my shoulders.

“I wonder? Well, tradition is tradition after all. It’s not a problem to show respect to the first generation ‘Beast King’ as always like up until now.”

For a short, brief moment the Beast King was silent with a feeling like he was probing my words, then he snorted, calming the mood.

“...That’s for sure. Well, enough about past tradition. Now about the present Cress-Sentluna federation—”

Here for a moment, Beast King stopped his words and then dropped his bombshell announcement once again.

“Before long it will be ruined, defeated by the Gravioul Empire.”

“Wh—what’s that supposed to mean?!”

King Collard caught his breath.

“It’s as I said. The current federation leader—or perhaps more accurately, President Baldim. This guy had been stolen from by the empire, and to reclaim former federation territory, he was planning a counter invasion.”

“Th—that can’t be!?”

“Originally, the snatched countries of the empire belong to Sentluna’s camp after all. And was he planning to make a lifetime bet and place his name in history books? Or was he planning to affirm his honorable position and remain as the most influential person in the federation in name and reality? ...Well, ordinary people won’t understand it.”

“My—Goodness!!”

Not hearing Collard scream as anything but a sound effect, I keep thinking about that, even surprised voices have a lot of patterns. Even so, I affirmed a point in my mind to the Beast King.

“It’s seems that defeat is a premise, is there no chance of winning?”

“None.”

The Beast King declared it firmly.

“There are three reasons.

The first is, in the first place, a counter invasion using the empire as bait is

obvious. Baldam named his plan blitzkrieg, but the empire has already made all sort of preparations; they are ready and waiting.

And then, the second is that the empire and the Holy Kingdom Eon have a secret agreement. Eon by nature is the beastman's mortal enemy. They would simply devote themselves to giving logistical support, or in the worst case, it would become a war on two fronts with these two countries.

The third is simple. Regarding this war, starting from us, Cres kingdom, all surrounding countries oppose this war and are refraining from participating."

"If half of the country is opposed, then there is no need for war."

When I said it like that, the Beast King strongly nodded in agreement.

"That's perfectly how it should be. By the way, at the Cres-Sentluna federation parliament, they were practicing a way of human opinion called 'majority rule'. If the majority agrees, then it will reach to the point of letting that plan pass. In the first place, Cres Kingdom and its related countries have small populations and are apathetic towards politics, so the forcefulness of speeches doesn't exist."

Again, Collard gave his further follow up.

"Incidentally, the Cres-Centluna Federation representative leader had been elected by each country's representative for a lifetime in that honorable position, but only this fourth generation wasn't appointed by anyone other than the Sentluna related countries."

"That's how it is. A federation that is boringly made up by humans ways will be engrossed to take action in human ways..."



“Hmm, by the way, how would a decision be made in case there is a differences of opinion in Cres Kingdom?”

I tried to ask just out of curiosity.

“In that situation, it’s usually decided with a conference between fellow tribe leaders I think.”

“And in the situation where the discussion can’t be settled?”

“They will discuss until it is settled. Even if it takes days or weeks.”

Ah, in that case, it’s natural that they’re not familiar with the congressional system.

“Was Ojou-san’s country different?”

“For our country’s purposes, everything is decided only by Princess without fail!”

Tengai replied like he was roaring. After that it would be decided by fist fighting.

“Hou. That’s easy to understand.”

“Do you have any issues with being under the jurisdiction of such a country? For your information, that does mean pledging absolute loyalty to me, you see. Well, reign but not rule is my nonintervention standard though.”

If possible, I don’t want to increase my burden even more...

After this is settled, wouldn't I possess one-fifth of this continent? I feel that world conquest is steadily progressing.

"There is no problem."

Beast King nodded easily ignoring my worries. After he said that, "However—" he continued.

"Currently, I'm retiring so I don't plan to make any public movements anymore."

"Then who is going to take the group's lead?"

Here, for the first time, the Beast King showed a carnivorous smile and said, "That person is the one who will be the next era's Beast King."

## Interlude 2: Roses' Thorns

The Amitia Republic Capital, Arra. At a plateau on the foot of the White Dragon Mountain, which stands on the back of this city, two shadows repeatedly engaged each other as if they were dancing.

On one side was a lion beast tribe member who had a magnificent body like a rock, stood over 2 meters tall, and was wearing a dark blue robe. His hair and beard had become white like snow. His solemn face carved with numerous wrinkles told of his aging, but the decline that was said to accompany old age was nowhere to be seen. It instead further accented his dignity.

On the other side was a girl who looked to be about 12-13 years old and was wearing a black dress arranged with a red rose corsage. Her jet black hair, scarlet eyes, and white skin were like an object d'art. Just by standing, she cast a brilliant brightness and would attract the gazes of those around her. A girl whose beauty could even be considered dreadful.

That girl held a thin, long sword, which was decorated with rose flowers, in one of her hands as she faced the old lion.

Looking at it as an outsider, it would seem to be nothing but a reckless confrontation. A girl with 60cm difference in height and a weight of less than one-third of the lion was facing him down, and in addition, he appeared to be a veteran.

—She will be instantly broken—Yes, everyone would probably think so.

However, contrary to that prediction, they were fighting on equal

ground—No, it actually looked one-sided with the girl pushing him back.



“I’m almost using my full equipment and buffs, and it’s only just getting me this far? I’m not making light of you though. As expected of the one who overpowered Animaru.”

Even though I was attacking him from all angles while using hit and run tactics, it was as if he had eyes all over his body. Every attack was dodged, and the fuller of my double edged sword ‘Sinner of Rose’ (Gilles de Rais) was repelled by the front of his fist, changing the vector. Furthermore, he even responded with counter attacks.

With just the slightest opportunity, my leg or arm would be caught, and then I would be thrown away.

It’s the Beast King’s battle style where not even a moment of negligence was allowed.

Since this match started, I have no idea how many times I have been thrown away, fixed my posture at the air, made some distance between us by put strength in my steps as my feet touched the ground. I addressed him with a tone of being fed up with even myself.

If it turned out like this:

‘Come to think of it, I didn’t see it since I was unconscious, but by what means did you use to corner Animaru that far?’

‘Even if you ask me how, I just fought him normally. If you like, how about we try having a match, Ojou-san?’

‘Oh, that’s excellent. Then let’s try it.’

Like hell I would start this duel in such carefree mood. (I could fight in a place without public notice and without going easy though.)

“That is my line. It’s like fighting against a crossbow coming from four directions. Furthermore, Ojou-san’s body is so light, even my throw had no power at all. To make matters worse, you nearly never lose your concentration, there are no gaps at all. From the likes of that idiot, you are significantly more difficult.”

The Beast King shrugged his shoulders giving an ‘Oh dear’ impression.

“Well, from those circumstances it was probably his affinity. Animaru-san was mainly used to close combat, so we crashed against each other, also the difference of experience and pride, insufficient application, and being unable to interact against his unknown skills, those were my reasons for defeat, I guess?”

I tried to guess the main reason I was defeated by Animaru from the course of the battle with the Beast King up until now.

Toward that, the Beast King made a smile like a teacher who heard an answer from a student with good judgement.

“Understanding so much from just this little is quite considerable—How about it, Ojou-san, would you formally be my pupil after this match? Well, I’m the one who has to lower my head and make the request though.”

“Hm~mm~, honestly, things like wanting to be stronger are not very interesting to me...”

Power and the like are all relative anyway. Looking at them, the summit of each one is endless. Presently, my abilities are far more than enough to

continue living on in this world.

Perhaps my thoughts showed on my face because the Beast King nodded with a satisfied expression reserved for good students.

“That’s right. Desperately wanting power is for those without it. For the genuinely powerful, that desire is something irrelevant. Ojou-san’s choice is correct... Even so, before my eyes there is an unrefined gem, there’s no way I can be patient.”

I see—Well, it looks like Lubbock-san really became the enemy. More or less, I might need to put up a great amount effort so I can oppose him.

At the same time, the faces of Maroudo, Joey, and the still unseen Beast King successor, who still had a lot room for growth (Well, perhaps Joey was not), floated in my mind.

“Then, after I tidy up the Cres Kingdom matter, how about you become, not my individual coach, but the Imperial Crimson martial arts instructor? There are some people who want someone else to teach them.”

“Very well, I accept those terms. Ah, about the Cres Kingdom matter, whether it succeeds or fails, it’s already out of my control. Either way, I accept that role. At least, will I receive payment?”

“Whether it be a palace, a harem, or gold and silver coins, I will give you whatever you like.”

“Those things will be just a hindrance for me at this age. Well, at least three delicious meals a day and good sake are enough for me.”

Hearing his words reminded me of the sleeping lion that was kept inside a cage at the zoo.

“... Won’t your fangs and nails start to rust from that?”

“I am not tempted to be such a weakling.”

“Then, whether or not that will become the reality, isn’t it now time to reveal your trump card as well...?”

The Beast King, with a ferocious smile, accepted my provocation and made the first move for the first time.

Leaping into a mid level punch.

If I had to say something of the speed, it was fast, but it was not something that couldn’t be dealt with—Or perhaps, in the eyes of a vampire princess (mine), it was seen in slow motion.

I maintained my composure and dodged it—suddenly I swayed. His fist changed trajectory like it was missing a frame. His punch that awaited me where I dodged to hit me in my side.

“—HA!”

Furthermore, an unknown shock pierced my body, and a single blow drove my body away a number of meters.

Rumble-rumble, I was falling over a bush. Somehow I managed to stand up, but—the damage isn’t gone—my feet are trembling.

I checked my status window in a hurry. Even now my HP was slowly

decreasing. There was no status ailment, so he didn't use poison... in that case, it's the continuous piercing damage over time effect ? (1)

The condition to receive this status effect is when bullets or arrows remain in the body, but there was no sign of such things.

So that means, including the last attack, that's the so called Beast King's trump card?

“—How is it? Your impression of receiving an attack using [Kei].”

“Interesting. As expected, accumulated skill can't be looked down on.”

Yeah, there is probably value just by studying it.

“There are also a number of other practical uses. I wonder if you would receive it a bit more for future knowledge.”

“Eeh, I don't want to, it hurts. Besides—”

“Hmm?”

“... Receiving it just once, I already know the main principle and how to deal with it.”

Perhaps it was hard to judge the authenticity of my words since the Beast King partly closed his eyes.

“Hou, how you will deal with it?”

“Ummm, first of all... Rose's Thorn (Thorn Open).”



After reciting the keywords, rose ivy crawled along the surface of my left hand's equipment, the 'Steel Rose (Eiserne Jungfrau)', and separated. It spread in a circle with me at the center.

"—Fumu."

It detects the Beast King's toe which a step forward inside the circle. It sprang up like a living thing.

"Aah, there is poison in that thorn so you better be careful."

The Beast King frowned upon hearing my warning.

"Don't tell me that you think everything will be alright if you put some distance between us?"

"....."

I am not answering—No, perhaps I can't answer him now.

The Beast King lightly shrugged his shoulders with a disappointed face—fake movements. He simultaneously threw 5 iron-like claw weapons with scattered trajectories.

Detecting them, the ivy wall quickly sprang up and repelled them.

However, the Beast King took advantage of the gap when the field of vision closed for a moment and jumped from the front where the density had thinned.

Assaulting him, countless ivy vines became a storm of whips rushing at him, but they couldn't deal with the Beast King's movements mixed with his feints.

Everything struck air.

“It’s the end.”

The Beast King’s right fist was about to pierce the pit of my stomach—except, the exact moment he touched a layer of my skin,

“—What!”

The Beast King caught his breath. My body, that should have been hit by his fist, vanished in an instant, and he saw that I stood on the top of his extended arm.

Simultaneously, in that very position, my toes struck at the Beast King’s chin.

However, just slightly before that attack reached him, the Beast King brushed me off as he retreated. Then, together with his yell of “SHU!”, he released a thrust.

Towards the destination I quickly dodged to, once again, his fist moved like there were missing frames, but they were punching—empty air. “!?” Taking advantage of that moment of surprise, from the posture of spreading my legs out horizontally that almost reached the ground which I used to dodge it, I used nothing but both of my ankles’ spring power to mow him down with a blow from below like I was scooping upwards.

The Beast King, who barely had his stomach robe ripped straight up, put some distance between us and gave a sigh of admiration.

“I thought it was a bluff, but surely that was coping with my technique. How did you do it?”

“Nn... well, it’s splendidly heavy work.”

I disclosed my secret while knitting my eyebrows from the pain in my head.

“Its ‘parallel thought.’”

“Hou, the thing used by the seven blade user knight who was Ojou-san’s comrade?”

“It’s just an imitation. I was taught the trick by Lubbock-san before, but it takes several seconds of preparation to use it, and even if I use it, I can do it just barely for several minutes.”

Therefore, it’s not really intended for real combat, and right now, I know that I can’t deal with him if I don’t use it.

“—Also, ‘Attack using [Kei]’ just then. That was in other words, no moments of impact, but a technique of driving a ‘heavy’ attack in super close intervals.”

The Beast King was grinning with his face saying ‘Exposed huh?’

“Therefore, there was a slight lag, so I countered using that lag. And then that brilliant move seems to foresee my movements and copes with it using minimum movement by eliminating futile ones, so it moves a different direction from what it was originally.”

After I said so, the Beast King now definitely possessed a broad smile.

“With merely a hit you could see through it to that extent! What great talent!”

“Well, I wonder about that...? I am different from someone like Lubbock-san, who is a natural genius. In my situation, even giving it all my effort only gave me this degree of success.”

I feel that I’m just the jack of all trades and master of none. (2)

“Heh, the likes of a genius won’t be interesting nor have any teaching effect... Apart from that, what will you do? Still want to continue?”

“No, let’s end it. More than this, my head is going to burst you see. The sequel is going to happen after I return from Cres Kingdom.”

I put ‘Sinner of Rose (Gilles de Rais)’ and the others back into my inventory.

And then suddenly something came to my mind, so I tried to ask the Beast King about it.

“Does that ‘successor’ have about the same strength too?”

With that question, “Hrmm,” responds the Beast King as he deepens the wrinkles around the forehead of his grim face.

“There are future prospects. But well, his grade right now, even if fighting normally... if Ojou-san was the opponent... mmn, he might be able to keep up for about 2 minutes. I guess I can sum him up like that.”

“Hmm-mm. Then, if you are hesitating, a fight might be fine. Like if he could hold up against me for 3 minutes, it should be more or less enough to recognize him.”

The Beast King seriously nodded toward the words I jokingly said.

“Yes, surely even I won’t recognize that degree of weakling as a successor. Just freely knocking him out won’t be a problem for me.”

My, a lion pushing its own child off into a bottomless valley really does happen.

“Well, I prefer to settle it with peaceful discussion as much as possible though.”

Although, my opponent is from the beast tribe that follows the law of the jungle. Even if I think all about it, something like discussion would probably hard. I shrugged my shoulders imagining it.

(Interlude 2 End)

Doom:

(1) 貫通継続ダメージ was translated to this mouthful in SAO, the “continuous piercing damage over time” effect

(2) The full quote is “A jack of all trades is a master of none, but oftentimes better than a master of one.” A bit less negative than how it’s being used here

## Chapter 9: Night Chat at Sacred Mountain

“I thought I had already grasped the current situation in Cres Kingdom, but to think you, who should be ‘The Beast King Successor,’ were listlessly hiding deep in the mountains like this. Don’t you have anything to do?”

Revan clenched his lips upon hearing my words.

“I know that... But, the title of ‘Beast King’ is too much for me. That’s why I am here to re-evaluate myself.”

“? —Can you say that a bit more clearly?”

“Umm, what I mean...” Asmina started off in place of her brother. ““Because the responsibilities and duties of being a Beast King are too tiresome, I prefer to stay here where I can play as I like without having to work’ is what my brother said.”

... Isn’t that just like a NEET desperately saying “I don’t want to work! I absolutely don’t want to work!”?

That can’t be true, right? I gave him a questioning gaze.

“... O-Of course that can’t be true. It’s for training.”

So he replied, but I didn’t miss that his eyes were swimming for a moment —Heyyy!

Come to think of it, he has been receiving the meals that Asmina regularly brings, and it feels like he has gotten used to an environment where he just eats, sleeps, and plays. Is this man seriously a useless member of society?!

[—Princess, should I eliminate him so that not even his soul is left behind?]

Utsuho was asking not with questioning tone but rather a confirming one.

Aah, I don't think that will be an issue... (by the way, if the body is completely annihilated, even resurrection can't bring him back).

However, a fragment of a second before I say 'Alright,' Asmina's elbow precisely struck Revan's side—around the liver—faster than the speed of sound.

“Guohhh—-!!!!”

“Of course brother seriously thought about becoming the Beast King! In the near future he will become a Beast King that is respected, not only in the Cres Kingdom but also enough to stand before every beastman, and someone who is useful to Your Highness. After that he promised that he will marry me and provide me a with rose colored future—that's what he's always declared!”

Asmina asserted it in a single breath and glanced back at Revan who was fainting in agony.

“...I didn't say...anything...about...wife...”

And then she grabbed Revan by his neck, while he was groaning and rejecting her statement, and forcibly raised him up,

“Isn't that right!? Revan nii-sama!”

She grabbed his head with all her might and made him nod like a

ventriloquist's puppet.

“... As you can see, I hope you understand, Hiyuki-sama.”

As if accomplishing an achievement, Asmina faced me with a big innocent smile, so there is nothing I can do but nod.

——This little sister is scary, really scary!!

[.....]

Even Utsuho also become speechless.

Rather, because you shocked his half-assed head so much, the drugs have started to drain from his head. His soul is starting to leave his body though.... perhaps it's not a problem. Well that's fine, I am not going to retort.

“Alright, then is it fine if I assume that from now on Cres Kingdom will become independent from the federation and become the vassal of my country?”

I had a lot on my mind before coming here, but unexpectedly, it's been easily resolved. ...though I also feel that the leader (Revan) is out the loop in this discussion.

Well, it should be fine considering their might.

“Well, it's not for me to answer... if my brother agrees to that though...”

Asmina answered while casually resting the fainted Revan on her lap—I am not really envious about it, I wonder why?—but she was being a bit evasive.



“This is embarrassing to say, but actually, because of big brother’s retardation, many other tribes have raised concerns due to unease.”

She hit her brother’s head very hard at the retard part.

“——Guwook”

Looking at Revan, who raised a voice like a frog being crushed just now, ‘Looks like it eh’, I understood.

“However, in front of grand-uncle who is the current Beast King, of course they won’t publicly raise an objection...”

“Grand-uncle?”

“Ah, yes. He is the elder brother of my grandfather.”

“Hou...” So that’s their relationship.

“Because of that relationship, when my brother, who is also my milk sibling, was little, his talent was discovered by grand-uncle and then was trained, so before we realized it, brother was called the “Beast King Successor,” but since some of them have biased tendencies, brother felt it was too troublesome and tried to run away by secluding himself here.”

[What a disappointing man. As beast-kin, if he didn’t show any will to fight, he will only be made fun of.]

Utsuho spat out those words in an annoyed voice.

“What stirred it even more is grand-uncle’s declaration the other day about

our withdrawal from the Cres-Centluna Federation to become a vassal of Imperial Crimson. The clan leaders gathered and rushed to hold a meeting after that... Unfortunately, the end result was, ‘Let’s leave it to the judgement of the next generation’s Beast King.’”

“In other words, they left it... to this thing?”

I pointed at Revan, who was still unconscious in Asmina’s lap. He seemed to be having a bad dream and muttered something like ‘... stop, Asmina, my pants...’

“No, not this thing, but the ‘Beast King Successor.’”

“— —? There are other candidates as well?”

Somehow in my head, there appeared a line up of—house head, next generation, legitimate, and reformist successors—those types of Beast Kings.

“There have been none up until now. Currently, not only do they doubt whether brother has the qualifications or not, but they also believe that there’s someone from their own tribe who has better rights to hold the strongest title of ‘Beast King,’ and so, they decided to fight it out and decide once for all. Ah, of course the current Beast King, my grand-uncle also approved it.”

I didn’t hear anything about this! That damned old man, he must have kept silent because he thought it would be more interesting this way!

“—Then the reason he hides deep inside the mountains like this is because he lacks confidence and wants to abandon his responsibility huh?”

[It seems we only wasted our time, Princess.]

[Yeah, you're right.]

“No, no. Of course not. For my brother, there's no need to test it out. Even against grand-uncle it's clear as day he will emerge victorious. That's why he holds no interest towards it! However, he's actually pretty pumped up! Isn't that right, Revan-nii-sama!!”

[—YeAh, I'lL beAt tHe otHer cAndidatEs intO a pUlp!—]

Asmina mimicked Revan's voice using a falsetto and took his hand to force him to make a triumphant pose while supporting his corpse-like body.

I wonder how I should react in this situation.

“... See, his hidden fighting spirit caused his body to tremble in excitement.”

No, that's a spasm of deadly agony because of the movements you forced him to make.

“... Well that's fine I guess, in other words he has the confidence to win in the 'Beast King Selection Match,' right?”

I decided to ask Asmina while healing Revan.

Or rather, isn't he completely a puppet? Though, I also feel as long she is there for him, it doesn't matter even if the person himself is completely garbage.

“Yes of course! —is what I would like to say but...”

Unexpectedly Asmina showed some hesitation.

“This is my intuition as shrine maiden, but it seems the divine protection of the divine beast, the beast tribe’s guardian deity, is drifting away from my brother...”

[Well, I guess it is natural looking at this simpleton.]

Utsuho gave her opinion in an extremely disinterested manner.

“And I also feel that, other than that, there is some kind of malice that will sweep this world in its vortex...”

Malice in the world huh. Now that I remember it, I think Lubbock said something about [This is the order of God]. If there’s an enemy who is pretending to be God... then perhaps this is a perfect chance?

Since, if someone under them becomes the Beast King, then they can take half of Cres-Cent’luna Federation legally (Well, this also applies for me).

“Say, Asmina. Recently, did you hear anything about an unfamiliar and strong warrior suddenly appearing in one of the other tribes—specifically the Wolf-man, Cat-man, or Rabbit-man tribes?”

By the way, the three tribes I mentioned are character races that could be selected by players in ‘Eternal Horizon Online.’

“About the Wolf-man and Cat-man tribes, we don’t interact with them much, so I don’t know. As for the Rabbit-man tribe, they didn’t even send anyone as their representative. –Ah, but lately I’ve heard something about strong arms circulating amongst the other tribes.”

Hearing what Asmina said while titling her head, I folded my arms and thought.

I see, so instead of directly sending a player, they are going to give them a powerful item and indirectly control them that way.

When I think about it, 'Beast King' is the beast tribe's representative. No matter how they have a habit to abide by a strong person, abiding by someone with a doubtful origin would also cause opposition.

If that's the case, I need to personally confirm what item they're using.

"Actually, I want to watch the 'Beast King Selection Match,' is that possible?"

"... That's a bit complicated. Generally only the members of participating tribes can come to watch, but since Hiyuki-sama might become the sovereign suzerain state that we're a part of, if I consult with Jisis, perhaps he can bring it up at the patriarch's meeting..."

"—I see, then may I leave it to you?"

"Yes, please leave it to me."

Well if that's impossible, I can just ask Utsuho to appear and use the divine beast's influence to come and watch it.

[I understand princess. —However, if those fools don't even grant your wish, please look forward to the time I get to strangle those simpleton clan leader heads to death.]

Ummm, if possible, I would like this to end in a peaceful way.

## Chapter 10: Day Prior Preliminary

Well then, a lot-lot of things happened, and two weeks after that, the communication familiar which I left behind for Asmina returned with a letter. It said that the clan council's decision was that my observation of the matches was permitted and also listed the details of the tournament.

“—Hou. Considering those slow working clan leaders, that's exceptionally quick.”

The one who spoke was the Beast King, who now officially possessed the title of “Imperial Crimson Martial Instructor.”

“That's how it shall be. Princess's words are heaven's will, something that should be prioritized above all else. If she is being kept waiting meaninglessly, I will personally march there and burn them, along with their country, to ashes. Nevertheless, what kind of joke is it for some who is of the beast race to not make haste and quickly come to a decision for the betterment of their entire race. You're the Beast King. You are also responsible for the degradation of these affairs, isn't that so?”

Utsuho, who always stood next to me, was hiding her mouth with her favorite folding fan and had turned her cold gaze towards the Beast King.

“Honestly it's the peak of shamefulness, divine beast Utsuho-sama.”

The Beast King bowed his head very deeply.

“Well, in regards to the group, it can't be helped if someone is blabbering about this and that. Apart from that, about this ‘Beast King selection match’ issue... um... according to Asmina's letter, ‘Forgive me for being informal. How

are you, Hiyuki-sama? Brother, who returned to village for the Beast King succession, is together with me and he's screaming with joy everyday.' ...let's skip the preface."

So, if I roughly summarized the contents—

The match will be held in about 20-24 days from today, located at the Cres Kingdom's holy ground, the "Sacred Beast Hill."

The ones who are participating are the 16 warriors who were elected from various tribes.

Before this, the preliminaries are held which divides the group into two with eight people in each. It will be held simultaneously 20 days from today and lasts for three days. The locations are the "Demon Wolf Feeding Grounds" and the "Place Where the Earth Dragon Slumbers" located west and east of the "Sacred Beast Hill" respectively.

The final match between the two winners who advanced from both groups will be held at the "Sacred Beast Hill." The winner become the "Beast King."

For these fights, there are no restrictions on weapons or equipment.

However, arrows and magic that do not directly utilize one's physical strength are prohibited.

Also, in the case where there is an inappropriate fight or misconduct unbecoming of the "Beast King," the participant will be disqualified on the spot.

The outcome will be decided in situations where the opponent has been judged as unable to fight or have recognized their own defeat.

After the decision is made, any kind of protest will not be accepted.

Also, regardless of it being a fight for life and death and regardless of the outcome, grudges should not be held.

The main point is kinda like that.

“It seems they really are going to kill each other.”

My impression made the Beast King shrug his shoulders.

“Well, if they aren’t at least like that, they aren’t going to consent to one another.”

Toward his frank manner, Tengai, who sat beside him, made a face that said he wanted to say something, but the Beast King held the title of being my “Martial Art Instructor,” so Tengai seems to have reluctantly swallowed his complaint.

Hearing the Beast King’s words, Utsuho nodded with an obvious face.

“If there is something like a serious injury midway, then... oh, is it cured with healing magic?”

“Yes it is. Well, to a certain level with the shrine maiden’s skill—in the case of the Nu Gruv tribe, Asmina is quite a prodigy. With that ability, wounds can be cured, but nothing can be done if they lose a limb and such. In that situation, whether they stop or not is up to them, but usually they continue to fight and die.”

What an unproductive race they are. No one seems to realize that those who run away may fight for another day.

By the way, the Beast King himself didn’t go through this kind of tournament. It seems that his strength and pure soul had been recognized to the point that he was crowned as the Beast King.



In that case, isn't this tournament useless? With this, simply by winning, even a thug can become the "Beast King"—I asked, and actually, this tournament in the end is to select the candidate for the "Next Beast King," so not the official "Beast King."

Currently, the Beast King and those clan leaders will confirm their strength and soul. If there are no problems, then the candidate will officially become the "Beast King," or so he said. Even so, he entrusted the current Cres Kingdom's problem to the next generation; therefore, the relation becomes "Beast King title > fate of the country." What an irresponsible person.

"Also, the participants' names are attached. I wonder, how is it from your point of view, master? Can Revan win?"

I presented the participant names to the "Beast King."

This world human beast is different from Eternal Horizon Online which had 3 standard race, the variety is many. What kind of ability they have? That is really unpredictable, isn't it?

"Hmm, victory or defeat is like a jar of water. I really can't possibly say it before I open the lid."

Or so said the Beast King as he partially closed his eyes while gazing at the list of registrants that he received from me through Mikoto.

"Fumu, the first one, Acheron, is the Tigerman tribe leader. If I remember correctly, he did not lose any disputes between tribes, so he received the nickname 'Strong Arm.' This is difficult. My stupid pupil's chances of winning probably dropped to 40%...

Next is David the Pantherman tribe hero. He's a spear master. It was said that he has slain an earth dragon with a single spear of his. This one, if dealt carelessly, will make him lose too.

Eugene the 'Huge Rock' of the Bearman tribe. His huge body, which is three meters in height and 700kg in weight, is a weapon just in and of itself. Fighting him head on is reckless, but oh dear, can that moron even use any alternative methods?

And then Cyril the mercenary from the Snakeman tribe. Even normally those tribes are scary because of their tough shells, flexible movements, and poisonous fangs. Furthermore, with his actual experience as a mercenary, well I wonder how it will be."

It feels like the Beast King enjoyed speaking about all of these anxiety inducing matters.

"Doesn't that mean that Revan is in a really in a tough spot?"

"Practically, he has poor prospects. —Be that as it may, is it even possible to only fight battles where you know you can win?"

Is that so? I certainly don't want to participate in any matches other than ones where I know I can win though? Rather, I can't think anyone who gambles with their life as being anything but a fool you see.

I tilted my head in puzzlement. Probably guessing the gist of it from my face, he made a face which says "Good grief, this is why woman are... after all, they can't understand a man's romance" and "Pf..." as he lightly laughed scornfully. Then, he cast his eyes onto the list once again.

...somehow it's really annoying.

“Then, the notable opponent will be... Hmm?”

The Beast King exposed a rare face of surprise.

“What’s the matter?”

“Rabbitman tribe huh? Adventurer Cloe... I don’t recall the name, but a woman is it?”

“Is that unusual?”

“Normally, the Rabbitman tribe itself is unlikely to participate. All the more if it’s a woman, it’s unprecedented.”

“What the hell is this...” he quietly murmured as he wracked his brains.

It appeared that in the beastman tribes, it’s a world-shaking situation like a woman sumo wrestler entering the yokozuna judge subject.

(ED Note: yokozuna is the highest rank in sumo, and in order to be promoted a council of non-wrestlers is appointed to judge if they should be promoted to yokozuna)

For me, in Eternal Horizon Online, there were a lot of female rabbit-eared characters as swordsmen, so I don’t think it’s particularly a rare thing... wait.

“...Don’t tell me, it’s a Player?”

Just now, all gazes within the room gathered on me.

“Is there a possibility that the person named Cloe is a transcendence

(player)?”

At the frowning Utsuho who questioned me, I also tilted my head in puzzlement.

“I think I haven’t heard her name... at least her name isn’t in the peerage, but perhaps the possibility exists. By all rights, a representative appearing from the impossible sex of the impossible tribe will probably have very outstanding abilities.”

If they’re a player, there’s plenty of potential.

I certainly believe they might use such a direct method. However, taking into account the Beast King’s speech, if they become the overall winner, for the time being, becoming Cres Kingdom’s leadership will only be a possibility. That Cloe, someone who no one knows where she originated from? There’s not gonna be a problem even she wins.

Well, besides that, perhaps there are particular favorites. The player defeats tough looking opponents and lets the favorite win by match fixing.

Or possibly, they identified that I appeared to watch, arranged that conspicuous position on purpose to draw our attention, and then would use that for something.

... At this stage, I judged there was nothing we could do.

“In either case, it’s not likely it will proceed without issue. I wonder if Revankun will be alright?”

Well, if he can’t, then just give up. It doesn’t matter to me one way or another.



Now, the day before qualifier match, tents for various tribes are lined up here and there. On the foot of the “Sacred Beast Hill,” at the corner of the Demon Wolf Feeding Ground,” there was a familiar lion (Nu Gruv) tribe tent.

“Hi hi, how are you, both of you? For the preliminaries, it seems you were determined to be in this group weren’t you?”

Guided by Zisis-san, within the tent I secretly visited, there were some familiar faces.

“Ah, long time no see Hiyuki-sama! I’m just perfect!!”

With her usual shape and cheerfulness, Asmina took both of my hands and swung them.

Behind me, Zisis-san is confused letting out an ‘awaawa’ sound, but it naturally didn’t reach my ears.

“I am h—”

Here is difficult to say. In front of me, Revan was melancholic in the corner of the tent.

“...What is that?”

“Umm, you see. Today, the preliminary drawing was done. Brother’s opponent was decided, but his first opponent is the female Rabbitman tribe warrior...”

Hou hou, suddenly a clash with the favorite.

“Hearing that, his motivation disappeared and he started sulking like that.”

.....

“—Er, there is no particular relation that race or sex has with strength. Strong people are strong, you know?”

For example, in the case that the opponent is a player, things like race and sex are irrelevant.

“I persuaded him like that, but he will not wake at all...”

Asmina’s appearance showed she was utterly at a loss.

“...”

Muh, for some reason I felt anger surging within my chest.

[Princess, is it alright to discipline this fool to teach him how strong women are?]

[Yeah, sure.]

—Ah, no no. I’m not looking at this as a woman. I’m just unable to stomach a person who makes light of someone based on prejudice or appearance, so don’t get me wrong.

“Hou, such confidence you have there.”

Then, right before I was about to open my mouth, a familiar large build pushed up the entrance cloth and magnificently entered in.

“—Grand Uncle.”

“—Master!?”

“—Beast King!”

The three hastily stood up to pay him their respect.

Wearing his usual dark blue robe while displaying his usual relaxed manner, the Beast King took a look at his pupil's (Revan) face.

“Just at the right time. I am curious how much you improved during my absence, and also as a test, you get a bit of coaching from her majesty, Hiyuki.”

“Haa—!?”

With the face screaming “You have to be kidding right?” Revan looked between mine and the Beast King's faces.

On the other hand, Asmina probably perceived a bit of my abilities. She pinned her face and looked up to the ceiling, her face saying, “You still haven't noticed it? This brother(moron).”

“You succeed if you can last three minutes against her majesty. Any less than that and you will be excommunicated. You also can't participate in this tournament. —Okay? Is your majesty also fine with it?”

“Sure~”

I nodded, and Revan, who was flustered still can't grasp the meaning behind it.

It's gonna be fun smashing this braggart, isn't it?



## Chapter 11: Arrogant and Conceited Heart

“I guess this place will do.”

The giant figure who wore dark blue robes—the Beast King nodded and said that after looking around for awhile.

“No problem. Or rather, this will end in three minutes right? We don’t have to go this far.”

The one who said that lightly was Hiyuki who wore short line above the knee with roses arrangement—Rose of Wartime Fire (Anne of Geierstein).

“Well the line up is a bit special after all. We can’t let others see.”

He looked at Hiyuki and the one who followed her closely from behind. It was a fair skinned beastman with nine tails, the divine beast Utsuho, who had transformed into her human form and was smiling wryly.

That said, the Beast King himself who stood at the top of beastmen will also draw attention even if he doesn’t mean to.

“Umm, divine beast-sama...”

Asmina, the lion tribe’s shrine maiden, showed an unusually timid attitude while addressing Utsuho.

“What is it, shrine maiden of the lions?”

“After this tournament ends, by all means, I implore you, please visit our tribe. All the members of our tribe will welcome your presence with our utmost respect.”

“—Hmm. As long there will be a banquet of fresh harvested goods and sacred wine then I won’t mind, however...”

Pressing the folded folding fan to her mouth, she looked at Asmina in a pleased manner—by the way she is pleased with Asmina, since she is a ‘piquant child,’ or so she said while squinting her eyes—and continued.

“I am Princess’ retainer, so I can’t do it without Princess’ permission.”

—In a flash Asmina’s gaze fell (height wise) automatically to Hiyuki’s beautiful face.

“Only if he can hold on for three minutes. If he can’t or if he does something unsightly, well, you know the answer yourself.”

Hearing Hiyuki’s answer the blood drained from Asmina’s face, and she quickly grabbed her brother’s chest tightly and shook it roughly, although Revan, who stood beside her, hadn’t caught up with the situation.

“Did you hear that! Did you get it, Revan-nii-sama!? Our tribe’s life or death is on the line, or rather the entire beast-kin tribe’s reason for existence is in peril right now!! If Hiyuki-sama abandons us then our tribe will meet its end. If divine beast-sama abandons us you will be labeled as the one disgracing our tribe and those labels will stick onward with our descendants!! Do you really

understand!?”

“I know I know! I just need to win, right!?”

Revan broke free from her hands with force, and answered as if they're troublesome things.

“Ah, this idiot brother of mine really doesn't understand a thing! Do you think you have a chance this late in the game!?” In an instant, understanding the hopelessness, Asmina crumbled down in despair.

In a place a little bit away from them, Hiyuki talked to the Beast King in an uncomfortable manner.

“How should I put it, even the simpleton who didn't think about anything (Joey) and the idiot who was too trusting (Prince Ashyl) both have lovable parts in them, but this is the first time I've seen a nitwit who completely doesn't have a clear understanding of his opponent at all. –Is this personality perhaps created by the environment?”

“...I am truly ashamed.”

The Beast King lowered his head with a sour expression.

“I actually planned to only beat him up a little, but it seems if I don't completely destroy him it won't do. –By the way, since we study from the same mentor, though it's not quite satisfactory he's still my senior apprentice, is it fine for me to beat him to pulp?”

“This is not a personal affair after all, so both of you should show your full capacity and compare them for me to see. If you hold back I think it will

disgrace me.”

“—Eh!? Hiyuki-sama is also grand uncle’s disciple!? Then you’re senior and junior apprentices with brother!?”

Hearing their conversation Asmina said that in a hysteric voice.

Revan also started to show vigilance in his eyes.

“Well I just received his training recently, so I think it’s still presumptuous to claim to be a junior disciple.”

Hiyuki shrugged her shoulder lightly.

“I see. —Also, it’s not junior disciple but junior sister disciple.”

Hiyuki’s eyes avoided Asmina as she corrected her about it.

“..Ah, right. Junior sister disciple, yup.”

“That’s right. That is why there’s no need to hold back.”

Hearing the Beast King’s solemn voice, Revan his took his stance with his two fists clenched and said ‘Understood’. However, as expected he was still looking down on her—she’s a new disciple and a girl—that kind of aura was still visible from him.

“Then I too am ready.”

Hiyuki also took her stance, however she had her palms open.

“Princess, are you not going to use Sinner of Rose (Gilles de Reis)?”

Utsuho tilted her head in confusion.

“Well, today is just something like a greeting. –Then, here I come!”

“Come!”

In an instant with her leg strength Hiyuki kicked the ground and closed the gap of 5 meters in almost 0 seconds.

And at the same time she waved her right hand at the still dumbfounded Revan’s face. Asmina who looked on from the distance can’t even see the after image as Hiyuki’s palm traveled to and fro eight times.

One moment later the clear slapping sound resounded.

“Ha.”

And the next moment, together with her yell, Hiyuki sent a low kick toward Revan’s right leg—at the backside around the ligament—and drove it upward.

Revan who lost his balance looked at his flank and saw Hiyuki’s right leg that was covered by her skirt was raised lightly,

“Shuu.”

And it flew at him as roundhouse kick.

GAN! Together with a heavy sound Revan’s face was repelled and his legs

even left the ground.

Furthermore, with her right leg still folded, she used her left leg as an axis and turned around like comet, and without killing her momentum added centrifugal force to drive another roundhouse kick toward Revan's abdomen.

DON!

A heavy and blunt voice as if beating a drum was resounded. And Revan's body was sent flying around 10 meters from the ground. And when his body finally landed, because he unable to mitigate the force, he dug a trench with his body and in the end rolled into the ground like a rag before stopping.

"...It's settled, huh."

Utsuho muttered while covering her mouth with the folding fan and yawned in boredom.

"Far from three minutes, he didn't even last ten seconds."

The Beast King offered his agreement blandly.

"Well I guess so—?"

Hiyuki sighed in lamentation.

Good grief, what a dull result. The three of them showed similar expressions.

At that time—

"Gara"

They noticed some movement from the cloud of dust.

And when they looked at it, they saw Revan who should have lost consciousness trying to stand up.

He has surprising fighting spirit—or not, the three of them glanced to their side.

The one who stood there was Asmina with both her hands open and aimed toward her brother. From her palms a faint light mist flowed toward her brother.

“...Ahaha, actually usually I cast strengthening magic at brother before he fights, but I completely forgot this time. That’s why I cast it midway... Is it perhaps not allowed?”

Asmina made an excuse with a troubled expression.

Everyone here can see what she used just now is not strengthening magic, but healing magic. However, Utsuho let it slide with no interest, the Beast King just shrugged his shoulder lightly, and Hiyuki—

“I see, well since it’s just an accident then that’s fine. I’ll allow it this time.”

But I won’t allow it a second time. Knowing what Hiyuki implied, Asmina nodded with a stiff expression.

“...Tch, I was unprepared...!”

Thanks to Asmina’s healing magic, Revan who recovered from the damage

wiped the blood in his mouth and tried to stand up.

“Unprepared...? Please stop saying something like that, Revan-nii-sama!”

Looking at Revan’s attitude, he didn’t seem to willing to listen to Asmina’s reprimands. Hiyuki’s eyes closed halfway and she pointed her finger towards herself,

“It seems I need to hit both sides or it will be meaningless. Previously I was the one who attacked, now it’s your turn.”

“Don’t be cocky—!”

Using something like the thunder leg or echo step, Revan strongly kicked the ground and as if he was gliding, he reached Hiyuki’s range.

“—Don’t screw with me! I’ve been training hard since I was five for more than ten years! There’s no way I will lose to someone who just started training yesterday!”

While screaming that in his heart, he used the skill he learned directly from the Beast King, a trusting technique used for beheading, toward Hiyuki with all his power.

“You have a lot of useless movements.”

While lightly commenting on his strike, Hiyuki turned to the side when his attack almost hit her and caught his right wrist,



“What...?!”

Not giving him any chance to react, Hiyuki swept his leg and threw him to the ground with a one armed shoulder throw.

“Gaaaaagh....!?!”

While Revan was writhing in agony on the ground, Hiyuki looked at the Beast King,

“Actually, about this technique’s weakness, if the opponent fixed their position at the point of impact or let it slide, it will be turned into a simple striking technique. –Well, since the current opponent is inexperienced I don’t even need to use parallel thought.”

“That’s true. Well it’s true that it might be better to learn the foundation rather than various small techniques when still young, since leaving it to power and speed is more effective...but to think his skill has become this dull.”

“Good grief, a loser who doesn’t understand their position is painful to watch.”

Hearing Hiyuki’s voice, the Beast King’s disgusted response, and Utsuho’s sneer,

“Damn you...!”

With an angered expression he forcibly stood up and threw all the emotion he felt toward Hiyuki,

“I won’t forgive you!!”

After shouting he ran towards Hiyuki.

His movements can’t be called refined, having both his self-confidence and pride destroyed, he left it all to his emotions, just like a wounded beast.

However towards that center thrust which was done half-reflexively, Hiyuki turned counter clockwise to evade it, then drove her left elbow towards Revan’s stomach,

“Yo—to!”

“Guha...!”

Thrown a few meters by the impact, the air in Revan’s lung left his body and quickly his consciousness was covered by a veil of darkness.

.

.

.

“Sama”

.

“Nii-sama!”

.

“Hang in there, Revan-nii-sama!”

On the verge of falling to the darkness, hearing her sister’s familiar voice and feeling the warm drop of something fall from her cheek, Revan opened his hazy eyes.

It seems he was sprawled on his back. And Asmina was crying and calling while covering him up.

Though he lost consciousness only for a few seconds, apparently it reset his anger and returned his emotions to a blank state,

–She’s crying. For my sake.... I made her cry.

Asmina cared about him from the bottom of her heart. When he noticed her figure he felt something ripping his heart.

And then at that time he noticed, while the Beast king reprimanded him, at the same time his strict gaze never abandoned him. Also, the consideration and worry in Hiyuki’s eyes, while she beat him up. Noticing all of that, he felt a shame he never felt before.

–what the hell am I doing...

I became conceited because I was called the 'Beast King Successor,' and believed that I am strong and can do anything if I feel like. It is because of that pride that I disregarded people around me and lived as I pleased.

And the result was that no one, not even me, cared about myself.

And then because of my confidence of being strong, when I was defeated by this girl who was smaller than me, I can't accept my own inexperience but resent her instead.

What an unsightly person I have become.

Resenting others won't make me advance forward. Rather, what awaits me is only self-destruction.

When he noticed that, he felt a fire ignited in his body.

—I can't let it end like this!

His eyes opened. There's no longer any cloudiness in it.

"I am fine, Asmina. Don't worry."

He smiled, and patted her head like he did when they were still children.

"...Revan-nii-sama?"

Resisting the urge to vomit, and the cold sweat flowing in his body, Revan

stood up and bowed toward Hiyuki.

“Your Highness, may I ask for one more chance?”

“Sure. With pleasure.”

Toward Hiyuki who smiled happily, he once again expressed his thanks.

“The next head of Nu Gruv tribe, Revan, coming!”

“Imperial Crimson Sovereign, Hiyuki. I accept that challenge!”

Finishing their greetings, Revan stepped in. Actually his condition is no longer suited for battle, but with his remaining will power he sent a straight thrust towards Hiyuki.

Different from before, his speed has fallen, and yet there's no more useless movements, a move faithful to the basics.

Hiyuki smiled, and sent a similar thrust.

And the time their techniques met, a dry slapping sound resounded between them.

Then...in front Asmina who waited with bated breath, Revan's body slowly slid and fell.

He already passed the limits of his mind and body, but the expression he showed is one of satisfaction.

Leaving the rest to Asmina who rushed towards Revan, Hiyuki smiled wryly from feeling the numbness in her left hand which was used to parry Revan's strike.

"Then, did all of that reach three minutes?"

"There are many things I am not satisfied with, but I guess he barely passed."

In response to Hiyuki's question, the Beast King answered with his usual stern expression.

"—Hmm. Well, he did have the willpower."

It seems Utsuho's opinion of him changed slightly.

"Well, I think he won't lose at the preliminaries at least."

Hiyuki shook her head.

## Chapter 12: The Preliminary Begins

The fight to decide the next Beast King, the preliminary match is held at Cres Kingdom's Holy Ground [Feeding Grounds of the Demon Wolves] which is at the base of The [Sacred Beasts Hill] until the 3<sup>rd</sup> day.

Incidentally, the opposite of this hill is the [Bed of Sleeping Earth Dragons] which is also holding a preliminary match and those who win during the 4<sup>th</sup> day will qualify for the next match, which will take place on the Saint Beasts Hill.

For that reason, we're currently at the Feeding Grounds of the Demon Wolves where the preliminary match also takes place – there should be a room created for the noble visitors but...

"Isn't this just a poor excuse of isolating us?"

From atop deluxe tower where I can see the match arena in a single sweep without any obstruction, I watched a group of tents on the opposite side of the arena. Within those tents, as the elder and chief of the beastman tribe are socializing, as if they noticed the threat from here, and instinctively had cold feet —Remembering those figures, I gave a sigh.

Rather than being treated as royalty, I've been given a cheap seat.

"Are you not happy with this arrangement, princess?" Tengai, dressed in a tuxedo and standing beside me asked. I thought for a second and answered honestly.

"I'm a little unsatisfied with it but there's no choice. After all, I'm the one who is an uninvited guest."

Actually, there's plenty of food at the watchtower, fruits, drinks and other delicacies were lined up, but there's nobody here who gave me a warm reception.

"If you were to wait for a moment, I can remove the cause if you order me to do so," Tengai said as if he was going to remove a few garbage from the

hallway, bowing in a carefree manner.

Wait, are you going to smash them before the tournament even starts?!

I'll be happy if you didn't do that, but, if they're telling me to do it on my own, then I shall do so. So, can you help me a bit? Tengai."

"Ha?"



At the tent of the Lion Nu Gruf tribe who will participate in the first tournament match in the prelims, the tension was in the air.

"Hey, how's the body condition, the two of you. The wounds from yesterday are not affecting you in anyway right?"

At the open space in front of the tent, Revan is warming up. Asmina wiped his sweat, supplied him with water, inadvertently touching his body. They gaped as they looked at my face which is hidden by an inconspicuous robe.

"Your... majesty?"

"Why are you here...eh? Aren't you at the nobility seats...?"

At the place which Asmina pointed, atop a 5m tall tower made of wood is a stage where can be seen anywhere from the venue. That's where 'I' am overlooking the surrounding with a calm face.

"Ah, that's a substitute."

"Geh, a substitute? Could it be that's a shinobi (shadow warrior)?"

Those who were heard in rumours but never seen, Asmina looked at the the person who replaced me as if it was something rarely seen.

Well, truly they are puppets made of magic which replicates my appearance, but when you look at it closely it they're still a little different.

For example, the feeling of their skin or their eyes movement, their temperature or their figure which gives off a doll-like feel. If you can't sense it then you must be dumb. Anyone would say that.

Should the real thing be seen, then the visitors from afar would suddenly have a



gleam in their eyes and say “Please give one of them!”, with their fist pumping.

As a camouflage, stood next to the puppet is Tengai who is frowning. It’s just as he expected, this sort of entertainment is only interesting when watched like this.

Anyway, that’s how I slipped out, but your body’s condition looks good.

As if to answer my words, Revan’s mouth suddenly morphed into a smile.

“Yeah, it’s all thanks to your Majesty.”

From now it would be a match – no, a deathmatch, where enthusiasm or tragedy completely cannot be experienced. It was a cheerful smile without a single blot like the blue skies.

“-What do we have here, it seems like you have transformed overnight into someone else.”

If Revan is an opponent now he can probably put up a good fight, and I’m glad of it.

“That’s great. –Mm. Today, you’re making a great expression. Don’t worry, you’ll win for sure.”

“Thank you. Although yesterday Majesty has blown my useless past-self till I flew, today I promise you I’ll be returning the favour by not showing you a clumsy fight.”

“Is that so?”

Whether you’ll win or lose, you’ll be giving it your all. Mm, I can look forward to his determination.

“Ano, your Majesty?”

From somewhere Asmina’s voice was heard accompanied a strange aura.

“Oddly, the mood between you and brother is good, could it be you’re trying to steal my brother from me...there’s no way right?’ As her eyes that seemed like black holes were aimed at me, I shook my head in panic.

“...Any...anyway, that’s quite a light armour you’re wearing, don’t you have any other protective gear?”

Revan changed from his regular traditional clothes, but it's not wrong to say the only change is that there's no more sleeves, which allowed easy movement.

"Haa, extra protective gear will only end up restricting my movements. – is this bad?"

"Yes. It's alright if it's the usual match, but this time around your opponent will be using strengthened weapons, you should at least put on minimal protective gears."

At that time, with a sudden playfulness I retrieved a few armor pieces from a bag around my waist and showed Revan.

"-Are those arm guards and leg guards?" As plain black unadorned guards meets his eyes, Revan spilled his honest impressions.

"Yeah, the arm guards are called Kanshou and the leg guards are called Bakuya. With these you might be fine."

Receiving those equipments, Revan wore them. He wore Kanshou(干将) on his arm like a sleeve and Bakuya(莫耶) was adjusted around his hips.

"It's slightly big and heavy... but not to the point of disrupting my movement." Revan thought it would enable him to make swift hand and foot movements.

That's a relief. By the time you reach a certain level, it will automatically readjust the weight, and it'll be able to show you it's true powers.

'With that, I acknowledge you who nobody recognizes as the Beast King.' I added in my heart.

"Well, for now, these can be considered as very durable protective gear."

With my words Revan bowed his head with an expression filled with admiration.

"Understood. I'll be borrowing it."

"No, it's fine. I'll give it to you. It doesn't suit my way of fighting."

"It's fine, but isn't it an expensive thing?"

"A tool is a tool."

It's like that situation when you finally got the strongest sword, because if you

use it the endurance will drop so you kept it in the warehouse, and then used poorer weapons to fight, that sort of player. However, in my case, I'm like how could you not use that equipment? Instead of hesitating, I've been using such things many, many times.

"Understood. I give my sincerest gratitude." Revan accepted the item bestowed with a bow.

For the equipment of the former beast king to end up in my hands, it's like the current beast king accepted his successor. I don't believe in destiny but this may be another form of fate.

"Well, to be honest, there are people who rather not accept such equipment because it was equipment held by a pervert who liked to massage other people's breasts."

"Ha..." With a complex expression, Revan's line of sight dropped to Kanshou and Bakuya.



Without further ado, the first match begins.

Lion tribe's next chief VS rabbitman tribe's adventurer Chloe.

The arena – even though it's called that, it's actually just a wasteland which was cleared for with a 100m square with a pile of soil around it, similar to a sumo's arena – surrounding that area is the two tribes. Since earlier, shouts of anger and excitement came from those vested in the fight. Even so, compared to the lion tribe, the excitement from the rabbitman tribe seemed rather subdued, similar to the Revan from yesterday. The opponent is from the weak rabbitman tribe, not to mention a female, they're probably looking down on her.

After the signal of the referee, both representatives approached the center of the arena –

"...I might be mistaken. She doesn't seem to be a player." Looking at Revan's opponent, the rabbitman tribe adventurer, I tilted my head.

On one side, Asmina who had been spectating next to me was so confused that she started gripping and pestering me for answers.

“What do you mean? What is it? Eh? Isn’t she from the rabbitman tribe? Are all women adventurers... like that?!”

“No, she’s probably special.”

That which I was referring to is the opponent, the rabbitman tribe’s female adventurer, Chloe, if a word has to be said, she’s tough.

With a body height of almost 2 m, sharp eyes topped by large eyebrows, a square jaw that branches into two, all her muscles seems ready to burst, and each of her arms are around the size of my chest, unknown if those chests are breasts or muscles they were strained and ready to burst, not only that, they were wrapped in a bikini-like armor, followed by 8 packs. The part without feminine curves is completely an “Aniki’s(Big Bro) Butt” sort of butt. A gigantic lump of muscles, that’s what she is.

On the top of this person’s head, a pair of ‘Holland Lop’ type rabbit ears drooped down as if it was sorry it was there.

‘Yeah, that has completely gone beyond the limits of what we call a player character,’ is what I thought.



Revan looks at his opponent in front of him and sighed in his heart.

‘It’s a relief. From here onwards it’s useless to ruminate about it.’

Hiyuki let out an “Aa,” as expected it’s difficult to raise one’s hand to strike a woman, there’s such a thing as being shameful of it in your mind.

But the one in front of him is unmistakably a warrior. That’s why it’s impolite to not take her seriously.

That’s why it was said naturally, “It’s a relief, to have you as my first opponent.”

Hearing that, Chloe had a dissatisfied look, knitting her eyebrows.

“An? That’s why you’re looking down on me?”

“You’re mistaken. You are obviously a strong opponent. That’s why I don’t have to hold back when I beat you. Because of that, I’m glad.”

In an instant, that befuddled look on Chloe had transformed into a bloodthirsty smile.

“Fufun, what a pleasant thing to say. I thought you were just a weak boy it turns out you’re a [mediocre] man. –Besides, I see you have a really fine woman there.”

Revan glanced to the field, noticing his younger sister who is looking at him and Hiyuki, then answered with a bitter smile.

“That’s right. I have women that are too good for me. Incidentally, was I rated as [mediocre]?”

“-hn, if you were to win against me, I’ll recognize you as a [fine] man!”

“If that is so, then don’t hold back!”

At that moment, “Begin!” the referee signaled with the Taiko drum. Revan with his fists and Chloe equipped with her 2m cane – normally blunt weapons in the shape of a stick are made of wood, but this cane seems to be made of gold.

“Fnn!” raising her fighting spirit, Chloe approached Revan with the pointed end of her cane.

As he dodged complacently, “Extend!” with a speed that surpasses imagination, the cane slides as she predicted to smash Revan’s face, and when it collided, it made a loud sound, followed by his body which was blown back.



“Revan nii-sama!”

Face distorting in panic, I calmed the Asmina who rushed forward and was bending over in worry. (T/N: she isn’t in the fighting area, they’re watching somewhere further.)

“It’s fine. He put up his guards at the very last moment, even if he appeared to be knocked back, he eliminated the force of hit, so from here I can see there’s no damage.”

Afterwards, given a few grim stares, Chloe’s red cane was revealed.

Isn’t that a loot (drop item), The Ru Yi Bang from Eternal Horizon Online? It’s unlikely to appear in the market. It’s just as I thought, there must be someone scheming while hidden.

To this me, Asmina sent a worried look.

“Is it really fine?”

“I... think so.”

“Also, before the match, Revan nii-sama was speaking with that woman intimately, should I be worried that he might cheat on me?”

“You really don’t change, do you?”

— — — —

**Translation Notes:**

Kanshou and Bakuya: see  
also:[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gan\\_Jiang\\_and\\_Mo\\_Ye](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gan_Jiang_and_Mo_Ye) Eh. They’re not guards in other media but they’re swords? Well, they’re guards in the vampire story.

That loot item is also known as the Ru Yi Bang from Journey to the West.  
[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ruyi\\_Jingu\\_Bang](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ruyi_Jingu_Bang)

Revan and Asmina are ‘in laws’. The term used in the previous translation is milk brother and sisters, and they are most likely to have the same caretakers, which is why they are sort of in laws. This is probably to make it alright\* for them to get married if they plan to do so in the future. \* This is only the translator’s interpretation. For the purpose of making it less cringy, I’ve removed the mention of milk, but do note they have this sort of relationship.

## Chapter 13: The Condition for Victory

Standing as if the surface of earth was about to tumble, Revan got up swiftly. When the cane was inches away from his face, he instantly brought both his arms together in the form of a cross. Seeing no marks left on the surface of Kanshou, he thanked Hiyuki once again.

“It was immediately put to use huh? Good grief, I am truly blessed with a good woman.” (T/N:probably Revan said this)

When Hiyuki heard this, she grumbled about something worrisome.

He faced Chloe again sighing, “Haa,”

Moving with the Thunder Leg (震脚Shinkyoku\*) skill which he had used against Hiyuki the day before, he slid on the floor to close the gap between them.

The weakness of using a cane is revealed when she is getting close to the opponent. Her attacks could come in all directions, left right up or down, but it didn't really have any threatening force behind it.

Nope, those movements allowed her to mix in precise strikes within feints, furthermore, it included her usual strikes which causes confusion to the sense of distance.

Even if the opponent is a first class warrior, it's inevitable to receive damage. Chloe forms a sphere where she is the eye of the storm.

However with knowledge of the special characteristic [extend distance], Revan's eyes are able to follow the movement.

With ease, he got closer to her. Revan's right hand disappeared, and in the next moment, many sounds of strikes rang out at almost the same moment. To most of the spectators who were fixated at the match, flashes of jabs were delivered in the twinkling of an eye.

“Tch.” In this close-ranged battle the cane can't be used, Chloe concluded as

she held it with her right hand and released a backhand chop with her left hand towards Revan's back.

Naturally, there's little chance for such a flutter of attacks to connect but in this situation where the opponent is at a distance which is hard to dodge, she didn't actually think about whether she'd hit or miss in the attack.

"Ha!"

"Fnn!!"

Slipping past the strike, Revan placed his strength behind his left elbow and struck towards the defenseless part of Chloe's torso.

"...!"

The violent sound made the audience think the match is settled.

However, Revan who should have settled the fight with that attack, widened his eyes in surprise and put a distance from Chloe as if he was flipped. He grasped his elbow and groaned in pain.



"How did that, why did he, eh?! Why is it that Revan nii-sama who attacked has such a bitter expression?"

In the moment where the strike was confirmed, he had a joyful expression but it had completely changed in an instant. Towards the confused and lost Asmina, the slightly amazed Hiyuki explained.

"When the strike was about to land, she strengthened all of her muscles, thus the opponent ended up injuring themselves. Although how were her muscles strengthened anyway, that onee-san. No, there's still many things in this world I have yet to see..."

"Is he fi- fine, that onii-sama?"

"Seems like it was a strength comparable to steel, should it have been his fist, it might've been shattered. Since it's the elbow which can be said to be one of the strongest bones, I think it might have not shattered." said Hiyuki with her head tilted.





“Fufun, aren’t you quite well trained. Most men’s thin elbow would’ve been shattered with that one hit. Well, you probably won’t be using that left hand for a while.”

Chloe’s words were answered with a bitter smile. Moving his other hand from his throbbing elbow, Revan struck a pose, gripping his right hand.

“Even with one hand you’re still determined?”

“Of course, because my right hand and both of my feet are still fine. Not only that, to have a [fine woman] like you as my opponent, there’s no way I would want to show you a pathetic sight.”

“Ha, well, even if you were to flatter me I won’t be showing my gratitude.”

With a somewhat apathetic expression, Revan shrugged in Chloe’s direction and answered her earnestly.

“It’s not flattery. Overflowing with vitality, having the conviction to live spectacularly, the you who embodies the future of beast race is extremely beautiful.”

This time, the words put her in a good mood and made Chloe laugh.

“What pleasant words you say! You sure understand what a fine woman is. You, rather than a mediocre man, it’s reasonable to recognize you as a fine man.”

“That’s an honor. Then, let’s go!”

“Yeah!”



“What was that, that! All that about other women are beautiful! Is it because of the muscles?! Are muscles the problem?”

Beside her, Asmina gripped Hiyuki’s shoulder and shook it. By the way, Zisis and other lion tribe members had backed away from them due to fear of being involved.

“No...well... how do I explain this...”

“I understand! I’ll put on muscles from today onwards! Meat, that’s right,

meat! Then, Hiyuki-sama, will you please give me a hand in coming up with a method to gain muscles quickly!?”

“Errrm, such as protein, steroids and other things?” somehow it was a rather unproductive conversation from these two.



Once again, Chloe launches a fierce attack, Revan who got closer to her only finds himself the target of concentrated strikes from the left hand in the current dead space.

–it’s solid.

For a beastman race to strike towards the opponent’s weak point is not something shameful. It’s the fault of those who leave their weak point open for others to exploit.

Leaving it would only let the situation get worst, Revan judged, so it’s best to make a gamble.

The moment Revan dodged the cane’s pointed end aimed at his feet, he stepped on it using the thunder leg skill. The shock paralyzed both of Chloe’s hands for a moment. He moved closer to her.

That much must’ve been predicted, because in a moment the cane returned, ripping the air, attacking Revan’s left side.

This attack was received and stopped by the arm guard on the left hand. To begin with, power was difficult to muster on the left hand, so the strike was stopped and a muffled sound was produced.

–Did it break?

But he’ll have to make allowances. If he attempted to move while trying to protect the wound on the left hand, no matter what, the defensive movement would’ve been unnatural and an opportunity(or weakness) would appear. Also, before centering your gravity, any attacks made would’ve been useless. Because of that, should the wound on the left hand not exist, and he is able to move as usual and receive it, this sort of conclusion would’ve been predicted.

In the corner of his mind this has been confirmed as reality. As the pain in the

left hand is thought as nonexistent and placed aside, Revan made a half turn and using the right elbow, fully powering the strike towards Chloe's solar plexus.

“Tte-yah!”

To have received this – all over again like earlier, Chloe smiled on the surface. Instantly, completely unlike the sound of people colliding, a huge blow reverberated throughout the area. With the two people as the center of the mound at the venue, cracks-like fissures dashed across the earth.

“Fufun. What was the technique you used earlier? The tremors passed through the body's core.”

“A technique that could strike directly through steel to the interior. To be honest I had to have the resolution to give up my right arm to use it.”

“Is that so. Anyway, you had the opportunity to strike at my face from the start, were you going easy on me?”

“There's no way I would do that. It's just, well, men have to have our dignity.”

“Hmm. That's silly. Still, rather than a clever guy, I prefer idiots. Well, from now onwards... do your best. To be defeated by a fine man, I'm also... satisfied.”

Saying these final words, she lose consciousness and collapsed, Revan supporting her.

A silent moment later, the spectators made an ear-piercing cheer, their shouts increasing in volume.



In one match, the first round of the preliminary was over. Winner: Lion tribe Revan, Loser: Rabbitman tribe Chloe

Afterwards, the bouts proceeded favourably. The first round to four matches finished peacefully.



The winner of the first match at [Feeding Grounds of Demon Wolves] preliminaries, other than Revan are Cheetahman tribe's David\*, Bearman

tribe's Eugene\* and Snakeman tribe's Cyril\*.

It is just as I expected.

At the [Bed of Earth Dragons] preliminaries, Acheron from the Tigerman tribe had instantly killed his opponent. It was a sure thing so it wasn't interesting.

Returning to city after today's results were confirmed, I sighed.

"Well, that's how it is, isn't it. By the way, how are my idiot disciple's wounds?" That was heard nonchalantly from the beast king who was seated on the sofa, drinking delicious-looking coffee that is only obtainable from my country at this time.

"Asmina's healing magic... magic\* right? That was effective, and he completely recovered like usual, you know?"

I'm able to heal it at the venue, but as an unrelated 3<sup>rd</sup> party, healing it might cause some people to complain, that's why I refrained from doing it.

By the way, Asmina said that healing will be bothered by the clothes and happily stripped her brother naked, directly using her hands to give medical treatment. Could there be some sort of meaning behind it?

Before this, when she had given medical treatment, even when dressed it was still effective... anyway that's what I noticed...

It's probably something I should not delve into. Mm.

That's what I concluded. To change the conversation topic, I turn back to the Beast King's thick face\*.

"...or rather, if you were really worried about your disciple isn't it better to take a look at him?"

Even after being invited, he would give this and that excuses and still not do it, eh?

"Well, whether it is about the tournament or my idiotic disciple, it's already out of my grasp."

"Fn. Then alright. Speaking of which, Mikoto. That thing I asked you to investigate?"

Mikoto who had been restraining herself at a side, bowed. “Yes, we traced the origin of the Ru-Yi Bang which the rabbitman adventurer had, it was purchased from a merchant, and I’ve spoken to the person. With the use of Sense Lie magic I was able to confirm they’re not lying.

“It came from the weapon dealers huh...by no means it is easy to catch someone by their tail.”

Suddenly, I asked the beast king about the thing that had been bothering me since the preliminary match.

“Speaking of that, the magical weapon that Chloe used, isn’t that against the rules of the tournament?” (T/N:Hiyuki, probably)

“There’s no problem with that,” it was answered swiftly.

“If you were to wield Magical swords, divine swords and other magical weapons, moreover to be seen that you were chosen to wield them, on the contrary, is actually worth praising.

“A splendidly irresponsible thing to do. You can’t use magic but a magical sword is fine.” (Hiyuki)

“That sort of thing is hard to express. In the first place if we were to say that, even those secret techniques you call skills can’t be used.”

“You mean it’s fine to use skills?”

“Of course. These secret techniques are the results of your training. Nobody would be afraid of what the others think of it anyway. Also, today’s opponents did not use any of the advanced skills, but it’ll be different tomorrow. Everyone doesn’t just have one peculiarity, but fools with a bunch of peculiarities are everywhere.”

The beast king laughed cheerfully.

It’s horrible for Revan, isn’t it. At the very least he should slowly rest so that he could restore his spirits for tomorrow. No, that’s impossible isn’t it. Because in the same tent, Asmina will be there.

Welp, he can only do his best.

Footnote:

1. \*English-fied names, their katakana spellings

ダビド=Dabito=David

キリル=Kiriru=Cyril

エウゲン= Eugen=Eugene

2. “Asmina’s healing magic... magic\* right She says majutsu first\*魔術 magical technique, then uses the word 法術(ほう-じゅつ Houjutsu) later, which could mean わざ。technique 技術 or method. So two of those ‘magic’ have a slightly different meaning.

3. T/N: The king’s thick face means that he is someone who is hard to embarrass.

# Chapter 14: The Hidden Strategy

\*Also known as the Inner Sleeve Strategy, like how rogues hide weapons in their sleeves.

The capital of Cress Centluna Federation, Fabula, is located roughly in the center of Centluna nation. It functioned as the center of the federation's politics and culture.

The reason Fabula is located on the Centluna Kingdom is that this one pair of the fragment that builds up the foundation of the federation, Cress Kingdom, is 100% composed of beastman race which is originally nomadic people. Basically, the main reason is that the nature of beastman led to not having a permanent town (here and there are towns with only up to hundreds of people) and no interest in politics and diplomacy.

Compared to that, the Centluna Kingdom which declared equality for humans, beast tribes and demihumans, regard themselves as a human country, taking the form of government of other countries, and proactively developing domestic and diplomatic ties.

For that sake, in spite the fact that Centluna doesn't even have a mid-sized population and national strength, an enormous city and central government was created to establish authority and formal standing as the capital of The Federation Cres Centluna.

In the capital Fabula exists the head of the federation's residence.

Officially, it's the residence of federation representative. But in reality, the palace is the real center of the federation.

The current president of the federation, Baldem is the sovereign of Centluna and Youth Grand Duchy, which is closely related to Centluna. Although you can't say he's handsome, and his body grew fatter along with his middle age. Far from daring, he had a childlike charm in some aspects, making him seem good natured to anyone who met him – that was the kind of human he is.

In the lounge where the discussion over an hour between the Cress Kingdom representatives ended without reaching any agreements, he sat in an armchair, drinking tea that's been stippled many times, moistening his throat.

With that done, he mustered his will and called for the secretary in the other room to receive the guests, tidy up the tea which was left by the guests and prepare fresh high-quality tea.

Without a moment to wait, the figure of a gorgeous blonde (man) dressed in dazzling armour with a mantle lined in red that did not show any country's affiliations appeared.

He already expected this person, but as for the small one standing next to the blond man, entirely covered by robes, Baldem was secretly flustered.

–A child? Judging from the figure it could be an elf... no, could it be?

Thinking of the identity of the armoured man, due to the impossibility of it, he (mentally) shook his head in denial.

While the Baldem that was making allowances for his doubt, that armoured man immediately sat down on the sofa which the Cless Kingdom representative had vacated earlier.

With a natural expression, the hooded figure followed suit and sat beside him, a gentle gesture thinly entered Baldem's line of sight.

–A woman?

“How was the result of the discussion? – seems there's no need to hear it, judging from your expression. After all, they are beasts. Just a bunch of brutes that can't do much, other than seeing the spoils in front of their eyes and swooping down to claim it. There's no way for them to see the general situation of this country.”

The armoured man smiled, ridiculing the beast tribes that were here a moment ago.

“...That may be true. No matter what you said to them, they replied with [we obey the will of the Beast King]. It's impossible to talk with them.” Baldem spits out hatefully.



There has been a trend to backbite him, for example, 'he votes for himself', 'he's an ambitious one', or that 'he's an apostate who had forgotten the ideals of the federation'. However, from what he'd seen, those guys who worship shady things like gods and divine beasts will only cripple their brains, and those that did nothing but give excuses are both despicable weaklings.

For the him who is an advocate of being a realist, no matter how small the decision is, it would be his choice, and he will execute it.

As a matter of course, there was always hesitation and pain, but he would defeat his indecision and bear the pain. He wasn't embarrassed by the path he chose, nor did he regret it. That's his way of living.

If he were to compare it to himself, those who had relied on their faith in others, obeying the Beast King repeatedly, are really naive.

To begin with, these guys don't understand the requirements of those who stand on top. To have righteous strength, skill, and heart is the [king]? What foolishness. In reality, such unselfish(pure) people are powerless. The leader only has to look good, whether or not he is, does not actually matter. What's important is that they manage to show results.

Speaking of which, the influence and the strength of the Beast Tribe in the Federation is nothing but a menace, and even though the federation seem like they're walking hand in hands, for now, Baldem secretly planned for (re)invasion strategies – if he forced the recovery of the territory, the country would literally divide into two.

To fail to evaluate the importance of a situation is something he would like to avoid at all costs.

Thinking of that, the man in front of him could possibly hold the key to the situation\*.

“Really? Eon isn't butting into this case?”

Baldem's attempt at confirmation was answered aloofly by the man who had introduced himself as the Holy Kingdom of Eon's secret messenger, a man who is presently carrying a secret message signed and stamped by pope.

“Naturally, our country is usually neutral. We would never support one side.

Should the war be prolonged and exhausting... ah, right, when the territory is liberated, we will act as mediator. However, in accordance to Holy Kingdom of Eon belief, the state religion cannot recognize the settlement of beastman and demihumans are the minimum requirement (for our help).” (armored man)

“Fn. That sort of condition is easy enough. Are there any other conditions?”

Something as tempting like that sure has a backstory\* to it. For Baldem who does not have a shred to trust in human decency, there’s an inner glow in his eyes.

“That would have made this short. I would’ve liked the problems in the federation to be solved as soon as possible.”

There exist a hidden side to these cheerful words— in short, suppression through military force — understanding this, Baldem grimaced.

“What would you do if before I could take over the federation and make a swift result so that the federation does not break, the federal had already been drowned in internal conflict. That would be putting the cart before the horse.”

He looked at the Baldem opposite him.

“To start with, is it because there are two heads that it’s a problem? If there’s only one body, surely it wouldn’t have been as difficult to choose where to go. In actuality, the rights to rule this federation is already in your hands, fundamentally, to split the body equally in half was your own choice. isn’t it?” (Armored Man)

“That’s true, however...” (Baldem)

“Then isn’t it better to strike while the iron is still hot?”

For the Baldem who is hesitating, his words were reaching out like the whispers of the devil.

“No, as I thought, it’s impossible. Overlook these bunch and join up with Imperial Crimson Kingdom. We don’t know the might of Imperial Crimson’s army. If I played the wrong hand I might end up suffering from the backlash.” he managed to keep himself in check with his ideal as a realist.

“I see, that’s certainly true.”

The man who claims to be the secret messenger from Holy Kingdom of Eon leaned forward, while the other one sofa surrendered her weight to the sofa while grinning broadly with a childlike smile as if she's ready to play a prank on someone.

"If that problem was taken care of... what would you say?"

"What?" Baldem answered with a voice filled with doubt, to hear from the third person who had kept quiet since the discussion began. The hood covering her was lifted.

"It— it can't be!?"

Underneath the hood was as he predicted, a woman – or rather, it was a girl in brilliant red and jet black.

Around the age of 12 to 13 years old, with long flowy black hair held together by something that seems like silk. Her pupils are like brilliant red jewels, her nose and eyes arranged in a perfect balance, she was beautiful to the point of raising goosebumps on your skin.

Not only were her features gorgeous, she unmistakably has the elegance of a goddess and mystery, a peerless beauty.

Baldem was frightened not because of her beautiful appearance, but because those characteristics of appearance were mentioned in a report which was the symbols of that certain person. That is Imperial Crimson's sovereign, Hiyuki.

"How could it be...is the demonic kingdom Imperial Crimson working together with Eon?!"

Seeing his condition, the man smiled at the success of his prank.

Even if we are posing with swords for the rest to see, we're often cooperating under the table and more. The teachings of God is important, but without bread and water, men can't survive."

"I see." That way of thinking was very convincing to Baldem.

He peered at Hiyuki who shrugged her shoulders lightly in agreement.

"Well, well, even if we were to cooperate, we'd still like to cooperate with the winners." Deeper than what he imagined, Hiyuki responded with the voice of a

matured woman.

“Thereupon you have no intentions to support Cress Kingdom, is that what you mean, your highness?”

“I don’t have the intention now. I just thought that the selection of the Beast King was interesting so I went to inspect it, other than that there’s no meaning behind it.”

“...I see.”

“What do you think? Is there still no problem?” The smiling man who summed it up with those words pushed for a decision.



The two small and big shadows returned to the parlour and walked in the hallways of the official residence of the president.

The large one in the gorgeous armour spoke to the little girl walking beside him.

“That was scary. Somehow we managed to finish it up before the mimicry card’s time limit end.”

“Well, as long as it was ended before anything happens isn’t it fine? Besides, how was I? I look just like Hiyuki-chan, don’t I? I initially wanted speak more politely, though.”

Unlike earlier, speaking with a familiar manner with her right hand around the nape, was a flirtatious girl.

“No, it’s not the situation where you need to speaking as if you’re with close friends. ...the contents of that talk, was spoken as it should be.”

“Is that so? Then I’ve succeeded.” Smiling, she nodded.

With that sort of appearance, she begins to ask the man with a somewhat complex expression.

“So, how was it? Hiyuki’s appearance. Did it not change? In between the time where we did not meet...”

“Hn? I wonder. I only looked from a distance and remembered her form for

the mimicry card, so for the rest (of the details) it's not as if I observed right beside her. Un, she's cuter than I thought. He seems resigned to being a girl."

It's foul play isn't it, to act as a girl.

"Ha... is that so?"

"Hn? It's not as if it was unexpected, before this she was already like that, could it be?"

"Nah, to begin with (he or she) was a person who didn't really feel the differences between genders that much, it was the case that it only brought out an attractiveness... at least this was what that's been recorded in the chat between guild members. That is possible too."

"Hee~" said the girl who tilted her head, an obscene smile appeared on her face in the next moment.

"In that case would you like to embrace this body?"

Gazing at that sort of face on the other person, the man changed to a cold expression.

"I'm haven't been looking at her like that, and please don't use her form to say such insulting statements of Hiyuki-san."

Hearing the penetratingly cold tone, the girl shrugged her shoulders as if she isn't shy.

"Why, my apologies. – the boss had happily hugged, though."

–And then, after finishing, she clicked her tongue in a bored manner.

Even though she did not continue to speak without a shred of self-respect, but with those words earlier, the man's expression twisted, as if he had to hold onto something with all his strength.



"-Kchshu!" I worried Asmina the next morning since I started sneezing suddenly as I felt violent chills.

"Is it a cold, Hiyuki-sama?"

"No, I just suddenly felt like there's an itch in my nose, it's settled so it's fine."

We're the same venue yesterday where the prelims occurred, [Demonic Wolf's Feeding Grounds]. With a fog in front of us, the first match in the second round of the tournament Revan Vs. [Giant Rock] of the Bearman tribe, Eugene is about to begin.

"Well, the opponent's a 700kg giant, but the match is about to begin."

"It's fine, for Revan-niisama, a 1000kg monster can be defeated with his bare hands," Asmina answered, full of confidence.

As expected, the difference in weight is unrelated – or rather, normally the weight of mobs in a game are 1 tonne and above. Now that I mentioned it, that sort of handicap is normal for the previous world.

On the signal of the referee, both sides advanced to the center of the match.

"...what bear is that?" in spite of myself, I said it with a silly voice.

"What do you mean, that's a Bearman. Ah, a Bearman can completely seem like a monster. Most people are used to it so it's rare to see those who aren't."

"No, that may be one thing, but-"

Certainly, the name huge rock is suitable for such a large man.

As Asmina said, a bear is completely standing in sight, covered from head to toe by tough, oily fur.

Ears pointed upwards, sharp eyes, a large mouth with rows of teeth peeped out, claws sprung from two rough hands capable of tearing steel.

However, even with an appearance of a beast, it wore something similar to a karate gi, with a padded undergarment, closed with a leather belt from the front. The bottoms were a pair of pants in the same color and material and you while you can sense it has intelligence, a pressure you can't deny is similar to a wild beast as he faced his opponent.

And then most of all, the characteristics of it, the fur color all over it is white, yet around the ears and the eyes both hands, both feet are completely black.

"Isn't that a panda?!" Unintentionally I let out a shout.

"Huh? But it's a bear right?" Bewildered by my vigour, Asmina cocked her

head in puzzlement.

–Eh, what is it, could it be my surprise is the one that’s odd, and that’s just common sense?”

“Yeah, you may be right! But even at the first match! The beast race members can’t live without making jokes.” Towards my honest thoughts, Asmina tilted her head in contemplation.

### **Footnote:**

1. What’s a federation? <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Federation>
2. *Something as tempting like that sure has a backstory\* to it.* There’s more to it than what meets the eye.
3. A question to readers/mado-senpai on naming: Baldem of Valdem? Valdem sounds more handsome. Baldem is turkish I think. Valdem is more Italian.
4. *The key to the situation* refers to the fact he could control the outcome.

### **Facts & Figures**

- Baldem, The sovereign of Centluna and Youth Grand Duchy.
- T/N: This is just note to myself, not readers haha. Holy Kingdom of Eon.
- That mimicry card thing can manipulate appearances. (I want one too!)
- Hiyuki, Imperial Crimson’s sovereign.

## Chapter 15: Rock Blast



In front of my eyes, a mountain-like giant stood. Eugene from the bear race held a white bamboo leaf in his mouth, taking dregs of it, glancing at Revan. From that point, in a casual manner, he opened his mouth.

“Youngling of the lion tribe, do you have parents?” Said in a bitter rush, it was a composed voice from the man.

“No, both of them had infectious disease and now they’ve travelled to the divine beasts garden (to that other world, T/N: Dead).”

“Is that so, it’s a pity –then is there a woman that will mourn if you die?

Suddenly, he thought of Asmina, the (milk) sister who has always been there and Hiyuki who recently associated with him.



“Your face that shows they exist. I won’t say bad things, but since it’s so foolish to put your life on the line for such a spectacle, should you not default the fight?”

Eugene’s manner of speaking was to the point. Be as it may, he did not make light of his opponent, not using his opponent’s circumstances in a way that’s underhanded, instead he ask them to consider the facts with an clear advice. Personally, he’s not the type that is hated.

“If I were to refuse?”

“Then it’s nothing but strong-arming you.”

“To do it or not to do it, is actually very simple and clear. I don’t dislike it. That sort of thing.”

With a broad smile and a laugh, before his right arm and legs, Revan lowered his waist and prepare with one leg bent in front(T/N:martial arts pose).

“...you’re doing it huh.”

Spitting the bamboo leaf onto the ground, Eugene spread both of his hands to a take a stance.

“Aah, let’s do it.”

With that, it was the signal where the atmosphere begin to tense, and it felt as if the temperature is dropping. At the same time, the referee gave the signal to begin.

The sensation around them was the opposite, Revan is feeling the physical pressure of bloodlust streaming from Eugene, the surface of his skin frizzled as if it was burning up.

–it’s strong.

Throughout the bouts there haven’t been this honest feeling. Nonetheless, he was facing Eugene, he neither felt fear nor was he nervous due to his large build. There are a lot of untempered(T/N:untrained vulnerable spots) vital spots like forehead, throat, pit of stomach, side, groin or knee.

To speak of it bluntly, to have an opponent with such a large build, he completely had no intentions to engage in a tedious fist fight right in front of

him. Without delay, he aimed for a single fatal hit, letting off an intense blow towards the vitals, aiming for a knockout.

Eugene probably knew it. Putting up his guards against careless attacks and preparing his counters against them, unwilling to make the first move. No, he had gradually did that, but he had no plans of ending it in one decisive bold move.

Not overestimating the body he's had since birth, strategizing as if he was solving a shogi\* problem, making use of his advantages, the fight begins. Unlike what meets the eye, he was indeed a strong opponent.



"It's tedious isn't it? It would be great to quickly fight with their full strength. Powerless small fries probing each other's strength is merely a waste of time."

The one who is currently trashing the tactics between the experts as worthless is Utsuho who is inside me with Pet Union, I made a bitter smile while hearing it.

By the way, even though I observed the match incognito like this, within my step, Kakuyou is on standby with shadow movement. Today the head of 13 Demon General Ikaruga is on standby. Furthermore, to engage in espionage with bodyguard troops (...were there such things?!) always on a lookout around the surrounding areas with two man cells (two man in one group).

"Well, even though it's currently like this, this match which is popular between pros is quite entertaining. To decide the winner in a moment, is just as suspenseful as a fencer or gunman's shootout."

"Indeed, it is. Incidentally, princess, it may be trivial but, I sensed this place may have been infiltrated by several rats." (T/N:Said with respectful tone)

"Ah, the feeling of being watched, right. Probably by those from other countries."

"Most of them seems to be so. For now if most of them are captured by the imperial guards, should hime have no hesitation, and able to accept this spectacle with joy – milord\*, there's a message from Ikaruga."

“Fn, are the spies that were caught still alive?”

In regards to answering the question, for some reasons a few, were delayed while returning...could it be?

“-it’s fine. Kokonoe, the ghost eyed priest of the 7 star beast of calamity, is able to question and torture the dead.”

That’s not fine! Or should I say, implicitly exterminating them, is what you indirectly implied?!

With this, many kingdoms will once again hail me as the “Blood-sucking Rose Queen” or “The Witch Empress of Fresh Blood”.

Even though I didn’t do anything!!

“Oh, seems like it’s about to begin.”



The one who moved first was Revan.

To be concerned with the large differences in defence, reach and weight could cause him to be overwhelmed. Constantly keeping an eye out for chances to prevail but wasn’t able to find any.

Steadily they were getting closer, just before Eugene’s toes were in the strike range, Revan’s body changed into a strong wind.

Stepping in with godlike speed, cutting in from the side, Revan directed a low positioned kick to trip him. An unexpected instantaneous powerful quick jump from such a large body enabled a dodge, in the air, he released a kick to the left side.

—do it!

While surprised with the opponent’s reaction speed, dodging the attack, predicting where Eugene’s landing spot was, he shortened the distance.

“Fn!”

In an instant, two of Eugene’s claws were crossed in the air, forming an X. Instinctively, he received it with the protective gear on both arms and legs, Kanshou and Bakuya, even so he was blow off.

Hiyuki who was watching the fight murmured in admiration, “Hee, isn’t it Fuujin~ The same skill exists huh.”

Even though Revan saw that he was blown away, “HA!” in that moment, from under his palms, he emitted fire through Ki conversion, using that explosive force to move on the match venue as if he’s gliding. From a very low altitude he attacked Eugene in his unguarded moment, mowing(T/N: or cut) into Eugene with both of his feet.

Receiving the sliding kick to his feet, Eugene’s large physique shook, yet he’s still far from damaging him.

Disliking the close distance, Eugene forcibly jostled halfway, in the gap, a knee was thrust up, and it barely made Eugene’s large body float.

“Nuu.”

A second time Fuujin was fired at Eugene’s chest, Revan barged closely in with a force similar to explosion.

Gaa!! was roughly released at point blank, accompanied by a thrust, Eugene’s whole body was driven away by the impact.\*>

If he were to eat one of those shots he’d be in a bad spot.

The damage penetrated into the body at the leg and loins felt as if they’re about to fall off, also the diaphragm’s spasm was clearly heavy, conscious of it piercing the body, Eugene overbearingly swing his hands which were entwined around the Fuujin towards Revan as if he was going to hug Revan close.

At this distance he would have to bear the damage, but since his body is strong the damage dealt by the opponent is far from enough.

‘Pan!’ The sound of meat striking meat resounded.

“What!?”

Eugene moaned with a low voice. Revan’s deadly arms which are far smaller than his stopped both of his hands.

“Dual Beheading Palms!”

Ki gathered on Revan’s palms stopped both of Eugene hands, then the ki’s shockwave pierced it.

With a leap like a flick Eugene moved back and posed, both hands had lost their power and was dangling loosely.

“How is it? Do you still want to continue?”

At Revan’s question a bitter smile appeared on Eugene’s face. Slowly, he shook his head.

“No, let’s stop. It’s my loss.”

Like a first rate fighter, knowing when it is the time to quit. After a pause, there were sound of applause for both the winner and loser.



Overcome with emotion while ascending the ring, Asmina who clung to Revan, Revan with a troubled expression. Thus, they received healing, Eugene grinning broadly while he watched this scene.

It was a splendidly chaotic situation happening so I took my eyes off them, for the time being I sighed in relief. (T/N: Using ‘boku’ to refer to self. Probably Hiyuki speaking)

“One way or another he advanced in the tournament’s preliminaries. The next opponent is either the hero David from the leopardman tribe or the snakeman tribe’s mercenary Cyrill.”

According to speculations, 7 vs. 3 says David will show his superior power.

“...Well, just in case I’ll watch the tournament match.”

But if possible, I want David to win. I don’t quite like snakes or lizards.

By the way comparing the snakeman tribe to snakes, if I had to say then they’re a tribe that feels more similar to the tailless dinosaurs that stand. (T/N: T.Rex?)

Rather, scales all over the body, gleaming with sparkles, the eyes which are the characteristics of a snake – is something I was unable to tolerate instinctively.

Ah, if it were to become a Tengai-class large monster, such that I’ll lose consciousness for caution’s sake (to begin with if the scale can be as big as 1.5m each then it’s already a completely different creature right), well dragon figure’s

appearance is frankly gross. But since it's scary I won't say it.



And then, the second preliminary round's second match.

Victory or defeat were mostly determined in an instant.

Receiving fierce attacks from Cyril who used dual swords freely, his whole body cut like raw fish and minced, David sunk under a pool of blood.

That sort of wounds, to that extent of major bleeding, no matter how you looked at it, it was certainly a fatal wound.

With such a short and gruesome scene the where spectators did not make a sound, he was declared the winner and hurriedly left the spot quietly.

Meeting my eyes for a second, clearly he wore a smile as if he was amused.

This fellow...

"Ah, that Cyril, was he this strong?"

Asmina was dumbfounded by this, sending sidelong glance at Revan who had a grim stare at the retreating figure of Cyril. I sighed in my mind.

That was a player's dual-wield swordsman skill wasn't it, that.

Somehow it may be a petty trick, I don't know, but that was a player right.

So, other than players participating in this, the chances of Revan advancing to the finals is almost hopeless.

"So, what should be done?" she said to herself.

For now, by all means, I'm thinking of giving that Cyril a surprise attack.

### **Translator Footnotes:**

*Shogi* is a Japanese board game that's quite similar to chess.

is a skill which the writer left in Kanji, best to leave it as it is. (T/N: thanks mado-senpai for explaining)

Milord\* is originally tonou, which refers to master.

## Chapter 16: Forgetting Others, Benefiting Self

Author's Note: Recently, since she/he's been shadowed by others, it can be said it is Hiyuki's turn to get used to losing hahaha.

In the tent of the Snakeman tribe, in an area he ordered that nobody is allowed to enter since it's a distraction, two guys faced each other.

Covered in scales from the top of the crown to the feet, dressed in a leather armor that's easy to move in, the two sides of his waist were with 2 Mikazuki scimitars, the man, Cyril, the mercenary, who had finished the second match of the preliminary round earlier.

And thus, to face each other – or more precisely, both hands and feet attached to shackles, turning over on the ground – is similarly a Snakeman. No, even though you can't assume it's someone from a different tribe, if seen by snakemen they will doubt their eyes. The reason being, the one who is turned over is unmistakably Cyril, the same person as well.

With entirely similar appearances, these two guys, one side stood and looked down at the other with scorn, the other looked up from the ground with hatred, although it is impossible to create such a composition, whether fortunate or unfortunate, there were nobody else but these two parties in this place.

"An idiot, aren't you. If you were to cooperate with me from the start, you could've become the Beast King without going through this." From the mouth of the Cyril who stood, the youth-like voice came out.

"Stop screwing around! Winning through a substitute?! You bastard, are you insulting a warrior's pride!!"

The one who turned over spoke with a voice with an outer appearance that suited someone around 30 years old, striking with the tone of someone who sounds like they'd been vomiting blood.

"Haa, I can't understand this. To not need to dirty one's hand and obtain the outcome at a safe place. If it's me, I'd skip with delight."

“Because bastards like you don’t understand a warrior’s heart. Rather than throwing away my pride, I rather choose to die.”

At that lamentation, the youth Cyril laughed scornfully.

“Good grief, this is why primitive people. ...Well, it’s up to you if you want to die, but whether you like it or not, before the tournament ends you’ll have to stick around. –Whoops, [Stun Blow].”

“Guu.”

Sensing movement that the poisonous fangs were about to lunge at him, in an instant, he swiftly unleashed the skill and mowed down that mental awareness.

Quickly forcing a gag into the mouth, as he clicked his tongue, Cyril’s appearance, abruptly like a painting blurred by water, within the blink of an eye is shorter by a head with a slender form. He had changed into a youth with light blue hair from the Wolfman tribe.

Realizing his transformation ended, he sighed.

“Did the effect end? Once the memory is used within 24 hours, the transformation only lasts for 30 minutes. If there isn’t such a limit to the [Mimicry Card], then I would have killed this snake immediately.”

While grumbling continuously, from nowhere, he took out a card made of metal. As if it was a polished mirror, turning it around, the real Cyril’s appearance is reflected in it for not more than 30 seconds, makes a chime sound it’s done. As if it was troublesome, the youth puts it away again.

Now, for the time being, before winning tomorrow’s prelim match, even though I’ve said nobody can come in here, in the unlikely event it does occur, it will be bad so, this idiot, the real Cyril, could be closed in the box over there.

Thinking of that, the youth’s line of sight as he turned around, meets a small doll sitting on a pile of clutter and he bumped the front, he was startled, his face trembling.

Appearing to be modeled after a life-sized young girl, it was a doll around 2.5 heads tall, with straight black hair till the waist, brilliant red pupils, wearing a black dress with red roses arranged on it, no matter how you look at it, it’s the sovereign of Imperial Crimson, Hiyuki in SD\* form.



How could it be here!?’

And, in front of the dumbfounded youth, the strangest thing happened, the doll moved smoothly like a human, folding one’s arms, and from the mouth came a voice like the sound of silver bells.

“...I see you’ve gotten Mimicry card. It’s true that in Eternal Horizon Online’s early days it was given out as freebies for premium Gacha isn’t it? At the time I haven’t started playing, so there was no chance for me to obtain one directly so I couldn’t recall it.”

“You – Are you Hiyuki? Why are you in that form?”

Like the howl of a wild beast, he asked, by chance, she shrugged over her overcoat (since the body proportions are small, each and every gesture had to be communicated in a big way. Again, not realizing those gestures were cute) as Hiyuki doll answered.

My engineers\* made this while playing around, it’s called sorcery doll No.3 “Chibi Chibi Hiyuki-chan”. It’s quite convenient, in this way it can even be used for collecting intelligence.”

“By the way, this [Chibi Chibi Hiyuki-chan] seems to have a section of wildly enthusiastic fans, during the production many of them were lost due to being stolen, and at the same time, Tengai, Maroudo and many others were suddenly averse to guests entering their room, as if they had some article of rare beauty (the case was immediately put to rights, as Mikoto and elite guards performed spot check (premises search) arrangements).”

“Damn, as always, you bastard\* keep messing around.” (T/N: the word cyril used is yarou)

In regards to the insufferable spitting of the youth, Chibi Chibi Hiyuki tilted her head.

“Maa, it’s true that originally I’m a young guy\*. By the way, my apologies but you said [as usual], in the first place, who are you? It feels like I’ve seen you before?” (T/N: the word hiyuki used is still yarou, just with different tone)

Hearing these words, the youth's expression turned red due to anger and embarrassment.

“You’ve forgotten me?! Why is it compared to me, when you’ve always received court rank earlier, this me!!”

“I don’t hold court rank. Err, other than 4 people in my guild, there’s also...” Even though she’s counting with her fingers, with an atmosphere as if she couldn’t remember it, looking at the youth’s face with her head tilted.

“-At the very least tell me which guild you belong to?” (T/N: hiyuki’s line)

“Quit messing around!! You’ve met with Aniki and me face to face before, right! Are you making light of me?!” (T/N: Do note this line isn’t translated well, and is in need of moderation,「ふざけるな!! さんざん兄貴と一緒に顔を合わせていたろう! 馬鹿にしてるのか、お前!?’」 If you can understand and agree with this TL do leave a comment.)

Along with an angry roar, he drew his katana in an instant – with the Katana skill [Iai], the youth turned Chibi Chibi Hiyuki-chan into pieces.

Nevertheless, while the anger had yet to settle, the body was kicked. In that instance, from the pocket, a map spills over and fall.

Picking it up while puzzled, a mark [x] was written on it, a short distance away from the preliminary tournament venue.

“They’ll be waiting at this place? Don’t joke with me...”



After a short wait, at that place – previously, at the desolate plains where Revan fought, the youth who is the Player that transformed into Cyril appeared.

“You’re here, aren’t you, nekama\* bastard!”

“I’m not a nekama. I’m usually on Eternal Horizon Online while conscious my own gender (T/N: I think he’s saying he acts according to his and I don’t do any particular princess play?”

Even so, why did men and woman call me Hiyuki-chan or hime-sama regardless of that? Even during the offline meetups. Incomprehensible.

“Using a female character even when you’re a guy, of course everyone would think you were a nekama!”

Uwa, that’s an irrational line of argument. As far as I know most of the guys had female character accounts, even if the girls’ utilization rate of male characters are fairly high, if you were to say so then isn’t everyone nekama and nenabe\*?

“Well, anything is fine,” Since arguing with an idiot is useless, I brought up the real issue at hand. “Could you tell me your goal and background? Erm...I couldn’t recall the name in Animaru-san’s case, Kingyo no fun-san” (T/L: Goldfish’s Poop...?)

No, this isn’t a provocation, frankly even now I was unable to remember the name. The way he said [Aniki], I could recall the matter of Animaru-san being the Guild’s submaster, have an impression of someone who is always attached behind Animaru-san, but no recollection of ever having a conversation directly with him.

“It’s Otomaru! Unlike you who was given peerage due to pity, I used real effort like my Aniki to achieve my court ranking. In short, a different case, unlike you!” Together with a shout, the youth brandishes the Mikazuki scimitar widely with his right hand, aiming at the ground directly beneath him, and swung it down. Katana skill [Lightning Sword] – Deeply plunging the scimitar body onto the ground, crackle of thunders roared, from there blue whitish lightning surged up in every direction.

The lightning attack heading towards me, without the need to avoid, in an instant I was guarded with a large shield (pavise\*) by Kokuyou who had appeared from the shadows. At the same time, concealed in the shadows of the rock here and there, is the Seraph, Mikoto and under her direct supervision, the elite bodyguards troop members Principality, 4 of them with their wings aflutter, descended and stood behind me.

And then, slowly, from the skies, with tentacles growing from various places on his body, with a large eye on the heart, a shiny multi-faceted crystal body, is the Commander of the 13 Demon Generals, Ikaruga of Yog-Sothoth, seemingly hold on there.

“I’ve kept you waiting, princess!” A huge Orc King returns to his place in

battle. (T/N: Dare desuka, was there such a kyara?! /Geho.)

“Ohh, hime-sama! Once again, to stand on the same battlefield as you!!” Said the first demonic subordinate(pet), Iki(壹岐) the Sword Dog.

“This is indeed an honor, hime.” Said the second pet, Souji the Greenman. I don’t remember calling for them, but somehow they are in high spirits as they jumped down from several dozen meters away.

“Hah, bringing throngs of your pets, as I thought you nekama bastard is scared of fighting on your own.”

“But that’s you isn’t it? That lighting attack reminded me. Thunder type cursed sword duel-wield swordsman [不破雷童\*(Unbreakable Thunder Child)]. Thanks to Animaru-san’s leveling, he received a nickname [Kingyo no Fun/Goldfish’s poop] as recognition of being a top ranker right?”

“Don’t mess around, you nekama bastard! My court rank is achieved through real strength!”

Enraged Otomaru – even though I’ve heard the name, is that it? Other than an impression I can’t recall – because it was unusual for me, it was causing unease in the mind, I tilted my head and thought hard.

The reason why he’s angry, in my mind, I recognize part of the reason, if I were to point out that as the reason, I would conduct myself as to deny that feeling, is what I thought I’d do, but is it normal to be so frank about such feelings to such an extent?

Nah, let’s try to understand it right after we do it.

Even so, if it’s only me receiving court ranking earlier, even though I think that this much of cursing and swearing is an everyday occurrence, but is it normal to continue being that angry?

If I was wrong then I won’t deny it. Like earlier when I was called nekama. However, together with the passing of time, these feelings of anger, normally would have worn off a little is what I thought.

I felt some sort of unease. It was like Animaru-san.

As if, “If this was said, this sort of reply is natural”, it feels like that sort of

acting.

“Well, I’ll get the details by questioning you after you’re caught. If you’re obedient then you won’t go through a painful experience, do you still intend to resist pointlessly?”

With one step ahead, Kokuyou came out, Mikoto below, the bodyguards arranging themselves to surround and protect me. Behind me the rest have returned to their place in battle, posing as if they’re ready to leap at the opponent.

Either way, the single player is surrounded by those with the strength of boss-level monsters.

Normally you’d consider this a desperate situation, but Otomaru faced downward, and his shoulders started shaking... from laughing really hard.

“So naive. With this, you intend to put me here snugly in a trap. When I had struck with the Lightning Sword earlier, it seems like was completely not noticed!”

At that moment, the ground started to shake as if there’s an earthquake.

“This is, underneath the ground...?”

“Princess, from the northeast. Please be careful.”

The same time as Ikaruga’s word of caution, in the distant desert, as if exploding, possibly hundreds of sand clouds blew upwards like the explosion of volcanoes, and from there, something gigantic came out.

“That is...Animaru-san’s Guild Home – Moving Fortress [Mukade]?”  
Even though it is said to be a small size, a section is longer than a hundred meters, made of blocks which are furnished with legs that could make all sorts of movements, the overall length is several kilometers, this characteristic, as one would expect it, is so stunning that one could not say a word.  
Even though I’ve always thought it was a bit too gigantic, but when it’s materialized you can see that it really is absurdly big.

“It’s as you said. Right now it is under my control. And now-”  
Taking something out of the inventory, there was a violet crystal in Otomaru’s hands.

“With this, it shall be decided! – Duel Space •Open\*!”

With this keyword, the crystal in his hands was smashed up, and at the same time, you could feel the atmosphere in the surrounding change.

“This is?”

“Hahahaha, for cowards who don’t duel others, you wouldn’t know about, this isn’t that so? This is another dimension. Before the outcome of the duel is decided nobody can interfere with this fight. That means no reinforcements will be able to come here! However for me-”

With a snap of his fingers, the Moving Fortress [Mukade]’s side opened, and from there, groups of pet spilled out/overflowed, some of them were even Boss-level ones.

“There are around a thousand pets. What will you do? If you don’t resist I may even hold back on killing you.”

It seems he’s copying my words from earlier, his words mixed with scorn.

“Fn, whichever way it’s fine, on your side it seems like you haven’t given them names.”

“Ah...?” Otomaru’s expression seems to say ‘what kind of idiocy are you talking about’. “Of course I didn’t, even if I were to give them names it’s not like their ability is going to improve.”

With a statement that shows that he doesn’t view his pets anything else but his tools, if I were to meet up with my other friends, with a relaxed (yare yare\*) expression we’d lift two of our palms, then by chance, simultaneously shrug our shoulders.

This is how we could come to a mutual understanding.

“Then, for now, that boku-chan\*(referring to Hiyuki) will be my opponent.”  
“Then, for now, we will go and subjugate those servants.” Mikoto bowed her head and led the rest of the pets towards Mukade.

One Moving Fortress and a thousand monsters versus the 9 of them. Normally when you consider it seems like there’s an impossible difference in war potential/strength, but it seems like they don’t have enthusiasm. Or should I say, before a battle, there’s a spring in their steps.

“...What are you thinking of, your pets, are they idiots?”

“Well, although there’s no mistake in saying they’re idiots...”

Despite a bitter smile, I brought out my serious equipment starting from my beloved sword, The Sinners of Rose (Gilles de Rais\*).

With that said, I pointed The Sinners of Rose (Gilles de Rais\*) towards Otomaru.

“Now, shall we begin?”

— ORIGINAL AUTHOR’S NOTE —

Speaking of which, this time Mikoto’s subordinate elite troop’s Principalities (1vs 2 winged angel top ranking)’s 4 names of all the girls are Tsubaki, Enoki, Hisaki and Hiiragi, these four sisters.

Also, the “Forgetting others, benefiting self”, title used to be “forgetting self, benefiting others”, which means “to forget about oneself, and work tirelessly for others”, the opposite of what it means now. I guess it was in consideration of someone’s suggestion\*.

### Nattou’s **Picky Footnote and Random Tidbits from This Chapter**

\*技師 – Engineers but could be translated as technicians as well.

\*魔導人形№3『ちびちび緋雪ちゃん』Chibi Chibi Hiyuki-chan~

\*Nekama is short for net okama, which is a person who portrays oneself as their opposite gender online.

\*Nenabe is the opposite for nekama. Girls who use female characters to play the netgame/online game.

““Damn, as always, you bastard\* keep messing around.” The word fake Cyril use here is ‘yarou’, which is a rude way to call a young man, so it can be interpreted as calling someone a bastard, since the tone is rude.

\*Pavise is some sort of large shield of European origin. It can protect the entire body with the large size and convex design. See wikipedia for more information.

\*Fuwaraidou (ふわらいどう) can also mean following suit without reflection. At least that’s what my translation widget thing says.

\*It’s Duel Space・Open. Literally. In Japanese. (In katakana: デュエルスペース・オープン)

\*Gilles de Rais is the name of a noble who fought alongside Joan of Arc against

the English around year 1427 to 1435. In later years he was brought to light as a serial killer of children (it seems like he's a sexual deviant?), and also a heavy spender who can't seem to pay back his creditors. Either way, this guy is not someone with our sort of morals and would've been brought to a swift and short end if he lived in this era.

\*yare yare could be translated as good grief, but the expression doesn't seem right~ so I left it as yare yare~

\*Author's notes: I guess it was in consideration of someone's suggestion. 誰を指してるかはお察しですね。Dare wo sashiteru ka wa o sashi desune. <- ( \_ \_ Oh dear.... The feeling of the sentence is lost through translation. It feels so much more fun to sashi~ sashi~ I really dislike it when fun things are lost in translation~)



## Interlude 3: The Men's Night - First night; Maroudo's side

The two swords gave off sparks, with hands and feet were fluttering every now and then.

One side was clear and strong yet lovely like a firework, and the other one was freely flowing like a stream.

The strong severed the soft, the soft reined the strong.

Having exchanged blows an unknown number of times, both swords broke from the middle at the same time with a strong dissonance.

“—My”

“—Oops”

Hiyuki and Maroudo both stopped their movements while still holding a slashing posture.

“...Losing in power huh, even though these are really good leveled swords.” Hiyuki sighed while looking at the cross-sections of the broken swords.

In reality, these kinds of swords are impossible to purchase above ground. The material used, level of smithing, and the magic used for strengthening are of the very highest grade, so if for example there really exists one above ground, it would probably be stored inside the deepest part of a treasure warehouse.

Even so, in this country of everlasting darkness, Imperial Crimson, it could be called a scarce weapon but it isn't one that couldn't be replaced. Hiyuki only felt that it was just a bit wasteful as she ferried the sword towards the watching death knight who was in charge of practice ground (Although it was called a practice ground, its size was equal to a coliseum, and the paintings on the wall were so detailed that they gave off a spectacular sight which may make you

mistake it for temple or sanctuary).

Similarly, a death knight came toward Maroudo. While being nervous towards the death knight's appearance (A skeleton with a huge body crossing 2 meters wearing super heavy class armor like a hill, with white shining will-o-wisp eyes), he ferried the broken sword towards the hand it presented.

Then, when he came back to his senses, grim reapers had already appeared, cleaning the swords that fell on the ground and fixing the soil of the practice grounds.

He planned to seriously try to quickly get accustomed to this place, but seeing this scene, he can't help but wonder what unthinkable place this is.

Nonetheless, it's true that it was a comfortable place to live in. The food was delicious, high elves and angel tribe women who walked down the road were truly beauties of heaven (Still, in front of him existed one who surpassed the best of them), the demon citizens are nothing but good natured people, and there is also a lot of entertainment that he couldn't think of above the ground, boredom is a word that was very out of place here.

In short, this unthinkable country has the appearance of hell, but after he tried living in it, it turned out to be paradise.

And then above all, there exists the unchangeable supreme beauty, who was more beautiful than anything for him.

“—Hmm? Is there something wrong?”

Perhaps noticing his hot gaze, Hiyuki slightly tilted her head.

“No, just that somehow I am still not really used to them, I admire that you can remain calm about them.”

She faced Maroudo who smiled bitterly looking at the grim reapers that finished the ground preparation and the death knights that withdrew back outside the practice grounds in a smooth motion which was unthinkable since they wore super heavy armor and helmets.

“AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA”

Hiyuki cheerfully laughed. The real reason for her laughing was ‘Of course it's

scary, I haven't even moved since a while ago because my feet were frozen in fear so I can't move!', but Maroudo thought that his cowardice was being laughed at so he scratched the side of his check embarrassingly.

"Well, I am going to get accustomed it soon."

"Noo, don't mind it."

By the way this sentence was also loaded with implications like: 'I'm still not even accustomed it yet, don't get ahead me, would you!?'

"...Putting that aside, the swords that sell in the markets here are nearly the highest grade but even though it appears that way, it seems for you they are insufficient. The Ogre Stroke which I had given before is not that different from this sword. Perhaps it is time to change equipment, including your armor?"



The corridor was 60 meters wide, furthermore it was wholly filled with sculptures made from gold and silver, and also contained detailed yet gorgeous ornaments (More or less Maroudo is someone who was born and raised in a royal palace, but compared to the size and splendorous of this, it can be said that his royal palace seemed like a dog house). It wasn't a metaphor, the end of this corridor disappeared into the horizon and couldn't even be seen, therefore he was escorted by the death knight guide, as well as fierce god soldiers and some others. While walking, he faced Hiyuki who walked a bit ahead of him, today she wore an unusual white basis toned dress. He opened his mouth.

"At any rate, the scale of this castle is terrific as always. It's amazing that you get around without getting lost."

"—HAHAHAHA"

The meaning of her laugh was: 'If there wasn't a guide of course I would have gotten lost.'

By the way, even when she wants to go to toilet in the middle of the night it turned into a big parade of about 50 attendants, perhaps because her retainers worry that each place would be hard to understand if she went alone and if she got unlucky she would get lost. Because of that, she usually stored a simple house that included a toilet (Gacha IM prize item) inside her inventory. It is one of her secrets.

Then, two hours had passed by with them advancing through the corridor, descending and ascending through stairs, and opening large doors again and again (Inside the castle teleportation magic is unusable because preventative measures were put in place, so there's no choice but to walk).

At the end of corridor, a huge and thick door which was engraved with roses and snow crystals on the center stood in their way.

There were two pedestals on both sides of the door. A blue crystal dragon with an overall length about 50 meters and a black quartz turtle with a shell size of about 30 meters enshrine it.

"These sculptures are almost like living things."

"They are alive, you know? Genbu and Seiryu will attack any trespassing intruders so be careful."

Hiyuki gave a light comment toward the admiring Maroudo.

Maroudo spontaneously stepped back. Leaving him, Hiyuki promptly approached the door.

As she approached the door when she was about 5 meters away, the huge doors on the left and right side began to open inward.

In that moment, a cool breeze and bright light overflowed the corridor.

Within the doors, an absurdly high ceiling extended. The perfectly polished floor, the pillars that were like huge trees standing closely together, everything was made from marble with a light red color like a drop of blood.

However, what snatched Maroudo's eyes was the cause of brightness near the wall before him that continued far ahead.

Mountains of gold coins, platinum coins, orichalcum coins, gold and rare ore bars, gems and magic stones that overflowed from boxes, ornaments and sculptures, swords that were works of art, armor, shields, even precious materials from monsters are piled up high—the top of the pile, how deep the pile was, and the end are nowhere to be seen.

"—Wh...what..is this?"

Dumbfounded...mostly in a daze, he heard the voice of himself from somewhere far away.

"Huh? It's the treasure warehouse."

Hiyuki answered with a tone of ‘Why are you asking something obvious?’

“...How much is this...?”

“Who knows? Originally it was the contents of my inventory, in addition there is also the guild members’ shared items, and there are also parts that were presents from citizens. The guards who manage this place don’t even know, I guess...?”

“...With this much, you can purchase every continent, right?”

“Maybe, but I don’t think the continents have that kind of exchange value.”

While she saying so, short and stout fairy like dwarves numbered of hundreds (No, if the figure is more by indications, they’re probably numbered in thousands) appeared out of nowhere, they simultaneously prostrated toward Hiyuki.

“Who are they...?”

“They are the springgan (treasure guardian fairies). Somehow, they were born before I knew it, but they happily guard the treasure and sort it so it’s convenient. —Ah, don’t arbitrarily steal those gold coins okay? If you do that they will get angry, and all turn huge then chase you till the end of earth while making a ruckus.”

Maroudo who thought it would be fine to pick up two or three coins withdrew his hands that he unwarily brought forward and then nodded quickly in a panic.

“Excuse me, would you guide us to the magic weapons and armor floor?”

“Yes, please follow me, Hime-sama.”

With the guidance of the springgan boss fairy, 30 minutes lapsed advancing further deep inside the treasure warehouse.

When he finally got used to the brightness of his surroundings (rather, his senses became paralyzed), they arrived at the sector where not ornaments, but weapons were intended. There were high magic weapons and armor lined in a row.

In front of Maroudo who gulped his saliva, Hiyuki pointed there,

“I want to choose the replacement weapon and armor for your Ogre Armor and Ogre Stroke that you presently have, but..”

Here, she folded her arms and made a troubled face.

“There are so many, also, finding which ones suit you makes it harder to judge.”

After that, she suddenly stared at a 50 meter square place like an altar, deep inside the weapons floor, and she chanted a single word.

“That’s why —Giou (Warehouse King)”

“...Did you call me, Hime-sama?”

Answering her voice, a huge bluish fire pillar rose from the center of the altar, it took the form of a huge human with horns and wings.

“He is Giou the Ifrit. He took the role as this treasure warehouse’s guard leader. —Giou, I want you to choose an armor and a weapon that fits with Maroudo, would you?”

“—Fumu, I understand, if that’s the princess’s will. Then, Maroudo or something, come here.”

While being beckoned, Maroudo climbed the altar that had become a stair shape.

“Do your best!”

Hiyuki’s laugh which contained loud encouragement gave Maroudo a horrible violent foreboding feeling and turning back, Giou then faced him and poured out an angry roar.

“Where are you looking, moron!? Quickly ready your weapon!!”

“Haa...?”

Hiyuki gave an explanation to the dumbfounded Maroudo.

“You see, to give you an explanation about about Giou: if an opponent challenges him for a match and satisfies him, Giou will choose a weapon that fits his opponent, that’s why you will die if you get careless.”

“Huh..?! Wa-wait a mi—”

“Well then princess, please give the start signal.”

“Okay.” Before Maroudo realized, the springgan leader respectfully brought a pure gold gong, ‘GOONG!!!’ Hiyuki loudly rung it and began the match, “Start.”

“UOOOOOOOOHHHH! LET’S GO BRATTT!!”

Giou filled his body with power and was punching his fists together with a roar.

“HEY WAAaaaaaiiiiit—”

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After that, Maroudo who somehow succeeded in surviving, successfully obtained the legendary weapon ‘Haurvatat Blade’ and ‘Water Dragon King Armor’.

Imperial Crimson, that place is overflowing with enjoyment, an unrelated place to the world of boredom.  
Although, sometimes that comes with threats to one’s life...



## Interlude 4: The Men's Night - Second night; Joey's side

Since I have free time, as always, at 4 o'clock in the evening I went to the adventurer guild of the capitol city, Ala. Unlike usually Gald-sensei (He's the guild leader, but I am more familiar with calling him that) and his secretary Miasan were at the side of 1st floor's guild receptionist area.

Also, another person was there who appeared to be one or two years younger than me, a golden-haired adventurer boy. Those three were in the middle of some deep conversation.

I thought I was gonna be a hindrance so I lightly bowed my head and passed through, but there, Gald-sensei halted me.

"Ou, just at the right time. Joey, I have a bit of a request for you."

"Ha...what is it?"

'Come here' he beckoned to me, so I tried coming over.

The unfamiliar boy really felt like a rookie. He wore unscratched leather armor and had an expensive looking long sword on his back.

He gave me a strangely intimate smile. That smiling face is well ordered which makes you think he isn't male. His whole impression gave the appearance that he was a noble's son who doesn't know anything about hardships and decided to try to start adventuring for fun.

"To tell you the truth, this majes...err, he's a rookie who just registered as an adventurer today, but suddenly he said that he wants to take a subjugation request. My bad but would you help him a bit?"

"Haa?!" reflexively I yelled in a hysteric voice. "Today, you just registered and suddenly took a subjugation request? What the hell are you thinking!?"

I got an urge to scold him and unintentionally shouted to someone who I just met.



“—Well, I don’t think you’re really one to talk about rashness.”  
Gald-sensei bantered at me while grinning. I pretended I didn’t hear him and continued.

“Listen, what we are doing is not just playing! It’s a job. It’s inexcusable if you take it and then say ‘I can’t’, on top of that, if we talk about subjugation quests then it’s a matter of life and death! Don’t take it lightly!”

The boy stared in wonder as if surprised by that menacing look.  
“...I am surprised. That’s really a very fine speech.”  
His voice was a girly-like voice, similar to a prepubescent boy.

“...Well, indeed a fine speech it is.”  
“...Although it’s better for Joey to look himself in the mirror with this tone.”  
Gald-sensei and also Mia nodded together.

“Don’t make fun of me! You guys, it’s about him not me. Why didn’t you cancel his quest!?”

“Um, that’s...”

“He already received the quest so in the case that he cancels it, he must pay the penalty for breaching the contract. However, he said that he had no money so it became troublesome.”

“Chi...!”  
Isn’t this the worst pattern?

“For that reason, he also can’t take a loan since he doesn’t have any achievements. My bad but will you lend him some help? The guild points for his share will be given to you.”  
‘Please do something about it’, Gald-sensei lowered his head. It’s impossible to refuse him.

“It-can’t-be-helped. What is the subjugation target and how long is the time period?”

“If you go to plateau south from Ala there is an old cemetery area, right? It had been said that a skeleton appeared there. If possible I want it to be settled tonight.”

“Tonight, huh...”

I know the place, it's not so far (Even so, it's because I have an emu), fighting against a skeleton with a sword is a bit troubling, but it isn't a very hard opponent.

I have no time to make preparations so it's a bit painful, but it's a day trip so I can somehow manage it.

“—I understand. But this is the last time I will do this.”

As I said so, both of them feel relieved and exchanged glances with each other.

“We-ll, sorry for asking such an unreasonable thing, Joey.”

This origin of the unreasonable request bowed his head without shame. What's with this guy? He even addressed me so casually, what an over-familiar guy.

“It can't be helped. Saving a junior is also a senior's duty. By the way, what is your name?”

“Of course, it is Hiyu—Ups, err...it's Hyuu.”

“Hyuu huh...”

Suddenly, I remembered, a girl with a similar name who was together with me not long ago.

Recalling it, my chest became pleasantly warm, and coincidentally I was absorbed in painful memories. Meanwhile, somehow those three gathered and seemed to have a conversation with lowered voices, I didn't hear anything but fragments of it so I ignored it.

“...Never changes huh.”

“...It can't be helped, right? He's reliable on the spur of the moment!”

“...Rather, why even with all of this didn't he notice?”

“...That is”

“...Obviously”

“ “ “...Because he is Joey.” ” ” ”

“Hmm? Did you call me?”



Hence, me together with Hyuu left the guild. We went down the south highway using the emu straight towards the place where the skeleton appeared.

The surprising thing is, it seems my moody emu was pleased with Hyuu in a glimpse. It happily purred and chirped.

Hyuu too likely missed it and brushed it gently around its stomach, "Were you in a good health?"  
What a thing to say.

It's just that, when he sat behind me, he was about to sit with both feet together like a girl. I am beaten.

"Ah, sorry. Forgot about my previous habit..."  
He gave an excuse but he said habit? Which reminds me, his gestures and his way of talking is strangely cute, sometimes girly, does this guy have some strange hobby? —When this sentence came out in my head, "Eh..." he lost his words and looked terribly depressed. Is he all right?

Come to think of it, the last person my emu let ride it was that girl. Well, she isn't similar to this rough fellow, she is softer and has a nice smell...wait, what have I been thinking right before a job!  
I also lectured him before, didn't I? He should be doing his work accordingly.

So, as we went down on the highway in less than a hour, there were about 20 graveyards near the current quest at the plateau. At forgotten graveyards, sometimes things like ghosts or undead can be born, so newbie E and F rank adventurers regularly assisted maintaining them or cleaning the grass, but it seems right now unfortunately a skeleton appeared.  
Those things will be gone in a shot if there is a priest who can use holy magic, but it seems that right now this country is under the rule of demons, so almost all priests have left. I don't know very well about that though.

Well, recently it was understood that to use holy magic, someone does not particularly have to be a priest (in the first place, that girl is also an extraordinary holy magic user after all), so individual use of holy magic was increasing, but as expected the overall number people using it is few currently.

For that reason, undead extermination requests have also increased in number.

“Which remind me, even though you are a newbie, why you did you get the idea to take a skeleton extermination request?”

When we arrived at the destination, the sun already sunk deeply. I hurriedly tied my emu to a suitable place and was choosing a place for the campsite. Meanwhile, I asked this question toward Hyuu who was following beside me.

“Oh, pretty much it’s because the sword I am carrying has holy magic casted on it.”

So he said, then from the blade that he unsheathed from the scabbard, white light spilled into the dusk.

“—A magic sword! Incredible!”

I unintentionally looked at it with an envious look. My sword recently broke into pieces just after it was brought for renewal, so right now I am using a cheap sword which I used back when I was still a newbie!

Nope, it’s not because it’s cheap and embarrassing. It’s because I have easily wasted the sword which she especially brought for me. I am so miserable...

“What’s the matter? You suddenly look down. If you have any trouble, I will hear you out.”

Hyuu said so with a worried look.

When I thought that he was an ignorant rich boy, he was unexpectedly sensible...it’s kinda, like her.

After that, the campsite was also decided. During the time until the skeleton appeared at the graveyard, at a completely dark plateau, we surrounded the open fire and talked about a whole lot of things to stave off boredom.

No well, mostly it’s me who was speaking and Hyuu was only paying attention, but it feels like we were a close acquaintances so I could converse with ease.

Things about her. Things like how I want to protect her but I couldn’t. Things about how vexing and miserable it was.

“...Her face looked normal to me, but I think she was disappointed in me for being a useless person who can’t do anything.”

That’s why I was able to whine like this when normally I couldn’t.

However, this Hyuu guy, how can I put it...he made a wonder smile and said, “That’s not true. You didn’t run and kept protecting her with all your power until the end, right? In that case, I think that person also respects you, and doesn’t have contempt for you. I believe that.”

So he said, and somehow, it feels like the burden in my heart was suddenly gone.

“...is that so? Is that what you’re thinking?”

“Of course!”

After he nodded strongly, with a somewhat low voice he grumbled, “Even so, when I was unconscious that guy rubbed my breast huh...I shouldn’t have killed him so easily,” However, I couldn’t catch what he said.

“Is that so? That’s great. I have already been told similar things by Mia-san but when you told me it kinda felt refreshing.”

“Hee, what was it that Mia-san said?”

“Er, after that, when I told Mia that she had brought a bento when she visited me, Mia said ‘That’s absolutely a sign of a good feeling. Listen to me okay, when a girl in her teens brings a bento, that’s the maximum expression of love! She crushes down the conflict and anxiety within her heart like, what happens if he doesn’t accept it, what happens if it tastes bad, what happens if he makes an unappetizing face, and yet she wants her receiver to accept it happily, she wants her receiver to notice her feelings. That holy ritual is practiced only by the hero with an unshaken heart who is able to implement such thoughts! So, there’s no way that she hates you!’ Then I felt that I did something bad after heartily eating that bento...eh, why did you suddenly grab your head?”

“—That person. Why did she fully go into girl mode at such a strange time? She should have noticed a bit more about her own fe...ah, nope, it’s nothing. Rather, Mia is just overthinking! There’s no girl who would make a bento with such a heroic resolution! I think she just normally makes and gives bentos to other people. —Yes, no secret intentions at all.”

“? Why are you the one who is affirming it?”

Later, the skeleton which appeared past midnight was easily defeated (Practically, it collapsed after Hyuu’s sword touched it), and we passed the night at the campsite and returned to Ala city.



The next day, when I was going to receive a quest and went to the teller, Gald-sensei called me, so I was guided into the guild master room.

“Yo, Joey. Thanks for taking care of the trouble I gave you yesterday.” Gald-sensei who sat on the chair thanked me, but for me, it was practically all Hyuu who defeated the skeleton, so it’s inevitable that I felt like I was just tagging along.

Therefore, I tell him about that but,  
“No, Hyuu is really grateful about you accompanying. Because of that...”  
So he said, he brought out a familiar sword from under the table —it’s Hyuu’s holy sword. He placed it before me.

“There’s a message from Hyuu. He said that he had some reason that he absolutely must return to his hometown so he can’t continue being an adventurer. He wants to give this sword to you for helping him with the favor.”

“Wh-what was that about? It was only yesterday and then he just resigned!”

“I don’t know the details. He only said that part directly that he would be lonely, now he has already left the town. So, this sword has become yours.”

“How...how can I accept it? I didn’t do anything...”

“Don’t say that. Hyuu was really glad you know? He said that chatting with you for a night was really fun, but he can’t be together with you so he left this sword instead. —Say, if you use this sword, won’t Hyuu feel that he’ll be able to keep going on adventures together with you? That’s why, consider his feelings.”

So Gald-sensei said that and once again he presented the sword to me and I accepted it with both hands.

“Understood. However, I will just look after this sword. When he returns

some day, I am absolutely returning it!”

I nodded, but for some reason Gald-sensei was staring at me with mixed feelings.



Later, after Joey had exited the room.

“...Is that fine, Your Majesty? Doing this bad drama.”

Responding to that voice, Hyuu, who had become the previous conservation topic, showed his face in a doorway which continued into a separate room.

“Hmmm, I wonder why he has that stubbornness in strange places. I planned it as an apology for his broken sword, but I believed that he wouldn’t accept it if I give it to him normally, so I took this roundabout way going this far but still.”

“Isn’t it fine if Your Majesty just says ‘For you’ with a smile normally?”

Mia who was watching the situation posed a question, but Hyuu swayed his hand denying it.

“He has a lot guilty feelings, so he wouldn’t accept it.”

And then, Hyuu looked down upon his own body and gave a sigh.

“—Still, this magic doll seems hard to use after all. My country’s engineers made it as a hobby, but I have to keep pouring my magic power in when it’s in use, and meanwhile my substance is also exposed to danger...”

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A/N: In summary, it’s an event that occurred during killing time to wait for the Beast King play off day to be decided.

## Interlude 5: The Men's Night - Third night; Revan's side

Again, the night has come.

Revan watched the submerged setting sun and sighed.

It's now the second day since I have returned to the village from the mountains.

Or more accurately, rather than returned, I had already been abducted when I woke up.

My memory from that time is vague. From what Asmina said, my condition was in bad shape when I spoke in front of the Imperial Crimson sovereign (that reckless yet pretty girl) and collapsed.

Up until now such things have never happened. Did that happen because of the mental strain from being in front of important person? When I tried to recall the circumstances, for some reason a numb pain emerged from my side.

For that reason, before the tournament to test the qualification of the Beast King successor, I was advised by Zisis and other villagers that managing my health would be difficult if I live a solitary life. Therefore I reluctantly remained in the village, but now I am regretting it very much.

Well, it's not that life in the village is uncomfortable. The surrounding people also respect me as the next tribe leader (By the way my father was a tribe leader, he died together with my mother in a prevalent disease four years ago. However, since I still wasn't an adult the tribe leader seat was empty and Zisis acted as the regent). During the day, I also enjoy hunting together with the village men. In the mountains, it's hard to guarantee having drinking water, but here such hardships don't exist.

Yeah—thinking about it normally, there's no reason for me especially to go back to that inconvenient mountain. However, here there exists a threat to my tranquility and peace and shackles my freedom.



As we all know, it's my little sister, Asmina.

Well, it's not the first time that she approached me intimately, she seemed adorable when she was a child.

However, that tendency is speeding up with awful speed this year. She rubbed her cheek into someone's laundry. She slept together with a handmade 'Onii-chan body pillow' while making rough breaths. At the time when I saw that, I thought that she went past noisy and gross, so I abruptly escaped right away, and discovered myself secluded in the mountains....

Then, I returned to the village. Right as I thought that trembling days were gonna start again, I fortunately didn't witness any perverted acts from my sister like before anymore.

As expected, after a year her head should have cooled off or perhaps she learned to be more moderate. I was relieved about that...but it turned out that I was naïve. It's developing in some strange directions.

For example, in the morning—

“Onii-chan, it's morning. Your meal is going to get cold if you don't wake up quickly~”

Together with her voice, I feel a heaviness atop my stomach. When I opened my eyes, Asmina was leaning against atop me across the blanket.

“...Asmina.”

“Whaat, Onii-chan?”

“...Why aren't you wearing your [hakama](#)? Your underwear is exposed...”

“Kyaaa, Onii-chan is a pervert!”

She unnaturally grasped her upper garment cuffs and then peeped at me with dazzling eyes.

Another example, at noon—

“Kyaa, Onii-chan. Don't open it! I'm still changing right now! Geez, Onii-chan, you're really a pervert!”

Half-naked Asmina hides her skin to the degree of being apologetic and pretends to be angry.

I ask back with half opened eyes.

“...but why are you changing in my room?”

And another example, in the evening—

Atop the room’s desk, an unnatural notebook had been placed.

‘Today, Onii-chan came back! How happy I am! My heart went dokidoki (TL:dokidoki means throbbing), it hurts.

Onii-chan, I wonder if you notice my feelings...When I think about Onii-chan, my chest becomes so full that I can’t swallow any more food.

If I can be at Onii-chan’s side, I am happy, but I want only me at your side...’

“Kyaaa! Onii-chan, don’t look at it! —Don’t peek at it on a whiiim”

As if she calculated her timing (Or rather, she really calculated it), Asmina appeared and took the notebook from my hands.

“...Di-did you see, Onii-chan?”

Asmina looked at me with dazzling eyes while blushing.

“...Asmina.”

“W-whaat, Onii-chan?”

“If my memory is correct, I think you said ‘This meal is superb if I eat it together with Revan-niisama’ and ate a bunch since this morning, haven’t you?”

“.....”

“.....”

“...Geez! You really did see it, Onii-chan so lewd!”

And then, at night—

“...Onii-chan, tonight the wind is so strong, it’s scary. Can I sleep together with you?”

Asmina entered the room timidly in her pajamas while holding a pillow. By the way, tonight is a full moon and there’s not a single cloud in the sky. The sound of night insects can be heard clearly.

“Then once in a while let’s sleep together with everyone. I am going to visit

Ziji's room—”

“Wait a minute!”

Asmina clinged to my back when I was about to leave.

“Doing the event where we pass the night without sleeping and immerse ourselves in reminiscing talks like ‘No matter how much time passes you are still a child’ or ‘Do you remember when I was small, Onii-chan’ is a route to collect the flag you know!?”

“...What are you talking about?”

That moment, a notebook made with very fine quality paper which was very different from the gibberish filled note book which I saw earlier in the evening fell from Asmina's chest.

“—What is this?”

As I was about to pick it up, the color of Asmina's face changed and with genuine desperation she yelled,

“Kyaaaaaaaaaaa, don't look at it!”

In the confusion she was going to pick it up, so I pinned her down with one hand and I picked up the notebook with the other, then checked it.

*‘The Manual of Valid Love Between Step Siblings by Hiyuki’*

*‘The sister proceeding to wake up her brother in the morning is an iron law. In doing so, the sister needs to get atop the bed or lean over the brother, also she has to show her underwear.’*

*‘The sister needs to make her brother encounter her changing and pretend it was an incident in a casual manner. Their room or bathroom are both valid places.’*

*‘The sister has to place a self-written diary or poem in a place to be noticed by her brother, to show the sister's feelings off in a casual manner.’*

*‘At night, the sister has to appeal to her weakness by saying ‘Today the wind is so strong and its scary’ to tempt the desire for protection.’*

*‘Have reminiscing talks at bed time, and shorten the feeling of distance.*

*However, to make the brother conscious of the fact that she is not a child*

*anymore, it's indispensable to be glued closely together against the brother's*

body.'

▪

▪

▪

*'Caution: Each method must not be overdone as it will become too pushy, so spend time to make it look natural and normal. Don't ever do everything at once.'*

"Too pushy, and it's overdone!!"

I sent Ki into my palm and converted it into 'Fire Ki', it burns up the note in my hand at once.

"Gyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!"

Asmina screamed but I ignored it.

Or rather, Her Majesty exists at the bottom huh? Really doing too much—!

"What have you done! Even though it's a strategy book used grip the male instinct that I have gotten through a lot requesting to Hiyuki-sama!"

"So noisy!"

I pressed the pressure point on Asmina's back, who was still grasping me. After she became incapable of moving for a short period of time, I brought the nearest luggage and once more escaped right away into the darkness night.

As expected, this place is not the place where I should be. I don't care anymore about the Beast King decision match. I am gonna live alone in the mountain!



Hence, I run and run for about 40 minutes then arrived at the entrance of the mountain. There I take a breath.

Well, even though I escaped here, Asmina will probably go and pursue me again.

I had set up my traps quickly, it should be able to slow down her a bit—As I was thinking so, someone pulled the cuff of my coat, honestly, it made my brain freeze in fear.

I didn't notice anything at all before it was pulled.

"Hey-hey, Onii-chan, have you seen my dog?"

When I take a look there's a wolf tribe girl of about five or six years old. She's looking up at me with sparkling eyes.

Why is this little girl is in this kind of place?

Ignoring me who was confused, the girl continues.

"You see, it's a puppy about this big. At its neck, there's a red cloth like the one on Onii-chan's head, have you seen it?"

I reflexively put my hand on the blue bandana that I wore on my head. I started to forget about it since I'm always wearing it. Which reminds me, she said it's an 'amulet'. Asmina knitted each and every thread with her magic power, and somehow it became solid enough to not be surpassed by normal armor...

Unintentionally, I was soaked in memories and the girl probably interpreted my silence that I don't know anything about her dog. She was going to depart from that place with disappointment.

"Oi, wait a minute. You aren't together with your father and mother?"

"I pilgrimage to this mountain with my mother, but Chiko got lost so I was searching. And then mother left too..."

She got separated from her parent when searching for her dog (seems like its name is Chiko) and got lost huh. I wonder how worried her mother with her child who is this small being gone...

"I understand. I will try to find Chiko tomorrow morning, so you...emm what is your name?"

"Natala."

The girl, Natala, cheerfully replied.

"Natala-chan, first you have to return to your mother. Onii-chan is going to take you there."

I leaned down to match with Natala's sight.

"...but, Chiko is..."

I tried as much as possible to tenderly persuade the hesitating Natala.  
“I’m also worried about Chiko, but your mother is more worried that you’re gone. First, we must relieve your mother. I’m certainly gonna find Chiko, so will you tell me around where Chiko got lost?”

“Hnn....I think, it’s around two side by side pointed stones that are biiiiiiiig like this.”

“Pair Fang Stone huh...”

“Onii-chan knows it?! Then please, take me to Chiko’s location!”

I pondered in front of Natala who desperately appealed. The truth is I want to immediately bring her to her mother, but I don’t think a puppy could safely pass the night. Tomorrow morning, how deeply hurt would this very young girl be if she knew about it?

Fortunately, Pair Fang Stone isn’t so far, I could reach it within 20 minutes by my foot.

“I got it. So, let’s search for Chiko together. Then get on Onii-chan’s back.”

I turned my back to Natala.

“Okay. Thank you very much Onii-chan!”

“Hold me tight!”

I confirm the child’s temperature and weight then I stood up and immediately began to run.

“Uwaah! It’s high! Fast! Incredible, Onii-chan!”

Natala’s cheers turned my mouth into a smile. I headed towards the Pair Fang Stone as fast as possible while making sure not to rock my back whenever possible.

Although it’s night, the full moon proves to be fortunate. I can see almost like it was day time with my eyes.

Before long, we reached the Pair Fang Stone. I quickly checked the surroundings but I didn’t sense any living things.

“Natala, was Chiko around here?”

“...mm? Err....”

I heard the sleepy Natala's voice from behind. At this hour is it is natural for her to be tired.

Then, Natala suddenly said with a clear voice,  
"—Chiko!? Right now, I heard it! It's Chiko's voice, Onii-chan!"

"? Is that so? I don't hear it though."

"It's certainly Chiko's voice. I heard it from below!"

As I was told, I peeped a bit down the cliff.  
Thereupon below the cliff, there was a lump of stone about 5m in height. A swaying red cloth could be seen.

"There huh. Perfect, Natala, hold on to me tightly!"

"Yes!"

For a moment I prepared my breath, and ran down the cliff nonstop.



"....."

At the hollow below the cliff, there's an old looking red piece of cloth, and scattered bones that appears to be ones from a puppy.

However, it's not something from today or yesterday, the way the bones had aged showed that at least a few years had passed.

"...How can this be. Natala, is this Chiko? Natala?"

I thought that she was already asleep. By leaning over, I put my hand around her back and carefully put her down.

"—Natala?"

When I turned around and checked her, there was no child, instead, only an old stone fell over.

"....."

For some reason, I felt the smile of Natala could be seen from that stone. I once again carefully hold that stone in my arm. I gathered the piece of cloth and the scattered bones, and collected them together.



At the place where I first meet Natala, within the bust just nearby it, there's an old stone monument. There's an inscription on the side of it, with the words 'Natala' written on it. Seven years had already passed since the time of her death.

I placed the stone I held atop that monument, as if I was asked to, I dug a hole beside the monument and buried the dog bones and pieces of clothes, furthermore I erected the stone that I brought from nearby atop it.

After that, I lightly put my two hand together toward the two grave sites.

"Well then, shall I go back...?"

It's already very late but Asmina should be waiting. Nah, is it time for her to start to pursuing me?

But, well, I shouldn't make her worried for not coming back.

I once again bowed my head to the two stone monuments and began to run back on the original road.

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## Chapter 17: Time Does Not Wait

In the face of approaching enemy, the crowd of flying monsters and the dignified crawling moving fortress which resembles a huge centipede that exceeds a number of kilo in size, Ikaruga's single large eye curved into the shape of a smile.

"Umu, this is a battle. I'll have to as much fun as possible."

From there, a dignified voice gave a self-introduction.

"Listen, you nameless small fries! My name is Ikaruga, the leader of 13 demon general of the glorious Imperial Crimson round table. By the command of Hiyuki-sama, this precious and beautiful master of mine, I come to subjugate you insurgents!! Surrender now if you're scared by such power!"

In that instant, Ikaruga's entire body released beams of rainbow colours. Infrared rays, visible rays, X rays, high frequency rays, electromagnetic waves, free electrons and such, a laser of every possible wavelength, looming over the enemy's monsters, about to mow them down.

Half of them were annihilated, the half of them who were left was able to withstand it, on the contrary they had launched counters at Ikaruga.

"Fumufumu, as I thought, it's tougher\* compared to humans."

To be honest, each of their single blow didn't have that much power. However, because this one (Ikaruga) have overall length above 70 meter, if he receive all those attack at once, the damage is also big.

He blocked those with a barrier, furthermore, knocked them away with gravity ray.

The first group of enemies were replaced by the next as they were vanquished, the second group and Mukade moved. Raising their heads, they approached Ikaruga without pause.

Even the large Ikaruga seemed like a ball under a giant tree in the face of this fortress, but without any sign of panic he stayed at the same spot.

“If possible I would’ve wanted to play a little longer. The large one has approached. I bid you farewell.”

In an instant, at pointed ends of Ikaruga’s tentacles, darkness was born, and then the light in the space surrounding it warped due to gravity.

“[Dimension Slash].”

The next moment, the darkness that was condensed had destroyed them continuously in explosions, even the one around the corner was completely annihilated.

Along with the second challenging group of enemies, and also the front part of the centipede within the range was eliminated. Since the movable fortress was made of blocks, the places which were damaged were cut and separated. Although it halt for a moment, it raised its head once more, perhaps it was wary of the dimension slash, it kept its distance and shifted into long distance attacks with bombardments, beams, corrosive acid, *etc.*

“Quite tough isn’t it. Even so that kind of cowardly attack will not cause any damage to m...huh?!”

In that instant, the whirlpool of light from all direction swallowed Ikaruga.

Although he could counter it with barrier and gravity ray, but with unexpected damage, (be as it may less than 1% of the hp was reduced) Ikaruga’s looked with serious eyes, swiftly alert towards the surrounding area.

His eyes reflected the enemies that surround him in the form of pentagon, they resembled himself (More accurately, they were the type is the same as him, Yog-Sothoth. However, the size just about 20 meter, nothing but a normal pet size and level, a downgraded version), he narrowed his eyes in displeasure.

“...the same kind, huh? You who lack the power to think for yourself and used as a tool. I would like to immediately release you from your pain. ...nope, that’s just paying lip service. Seeing you is like seeing the reflection of myself from a distorted mirror, I can’t take it anymore. Above all, I, was granted a name ‘Ikaruga’ by the princess, and I shall be the one and only. – Disappear, you inferior ones.”

This time, the light of the Dimension Slash blinks, and drowns out the Yog-

Sothoth, but other than the one which was nearby was terminated, the others were able to balance it out with the same standard of Dimension Slash. The four left are staggering, still healthy.

“Fu-mu, it’s been a long time since I could go all out during a battle. How would I be able to expect that one hit didn’t manage to take them out. Although, one more strike – ”

At that time, 4 fallen stars from the skies flew down and clashed with Yog Sothoth’s only eye. Before that, they split into 4 directions like a blooming flower – however, with that much vigour, spears made of Oricalum were thrown, penetrating Yog-Sothoth’s body in the middle, releasing a large amount of kinetic energy.

The four that scattered had the same sort of form, immediately got ready with different spears, at the appearance of the four angels heading towards the rest of the enemies, Ikaruga had a bitter smile.

“Is it not the four season sisters, Tsubaki, Enoki, Hisagi, Hiiragi. Their abilities should be bestowed praises, and definitely not disappointing enough to grieve over it.”

By all rights, they are Principalities\*. In terms of class, there were very few races with higher abilities compared to them. Yog Sothoth’s position is like the highest place in terms of strength. There is an absolute difference in strength but, I’ll show them by quickly reversing this situation.

This is the difference between those who have ‘Name’ and ‘motive’ and those who don’t. We’re the ones who are blessed. Unlike that foolish ruler, hime-sama was able to stay as she is.

And earnestly grumbling, that one Yog Sothoth, because of the four season sister’s attack in waves, went down and stood on the earth.

In that instant, to not leave an afterimage behind, as if dancing with godlike speed Iki went and smashed that large body right into two.

“UOOOO! I am Hiyuki-sama’s number one retainer, Iki! The very first who was honored with a name, as that bastard’s servant, I won’t forgive you if you were to step one foot closer to hime-sama. Everyone, all will be chopped!”

While shouting, the length of sword edges all over his body elongated, and he plunged into the midst of the enemy's troops alone.

Even though the enemy's monsters tried to attack, but they couldn't catch up to him in the middle the free for all battle with that speed, the moment he's in front of one's eyes, they were cut into small pieces. The degree of speed turned it into a situation where they were half-killing each other due to friendly fire.

Not only that, Gaijin descended with a hundred summoned orc soldiers.

"Ora ora! My name is Gaijin. I received this name from hime-sama, this I, the owner of the Ramen Shop 'Tonkatsu Emperor'. You morons who can't even become my soup stock all are just trash "

Orc soldiers and the enemies that were left entered what that seemed like a terrible free-for-all battle, suddenly before you could notice, a Golem that exceeded 4 meter, larger than Gaijin by a head, had struck towards those in front of his eyes.

In one shot, the face of Gaijin who receive a clean hit "Why, this greenhorn-"

Not showing that it had any effect, the both golem's hand frame made sounds of cracking, then Gaijin that lowered his back and released a right punch\* aimed at the golem.

Right away, even though both of the Golem hands were raised to defend, but Gaijin crushed those arms into pieces together with the golem in one punch.

"Your\* punches earlier have no guts! Guts!"

And then, looking around the surrounding that's crowded with monsters with a glare, he swung the shoulder that made a cracking sound.

"For your information, my fists are filled with my willpower and the love of hime-sama, increased the toughness by twice or rather a hundred times. Be prepared for it."

Thus, the Souju who had were there for the finishing touch said, "Fumu fumu, the youth's energy and rigourousness is great. I should go clean up the leftovers huh..."

While muttering this, he settled his roots on the ground.

All at once, the earth's nutrient, water and magical power were absorbed, changing him into the form similar to a 15 meter large tree.

“As it's only the wilderness, the limit is to this degree huh. Well then, as Hiyuki-sama's second retainer, the one who granted Soujuu's(my) name. I should not bring shame to that name.”

As it is, with a movement like sliding on the earth, from under his feet, roots in the shape of spears went in all directions, as if spears held readily were thrust out from the earth, accurately shooting through the monsters of the enemy, and in their body, plant-type poison was produced.

Those that died due to the pierce through the body similar to how the shrike impales their prey on the tree branches, those that narrowly managed to avoid from being stabbed in their vitals, those that were convulsing due to the poison flowing into them and died, and those who panicked and positioned at a distance to try and strike Soujuu's main body, was somewhat launched into the air by arrows of thorn sprung from their whole body, furthermore, from their mouth, a breath of deadly poison was emitted like a curtain of fog.

While gazing at the speed of this one-sided annihilation from the sky, 'good grief it's my turn yet what's left is just those who are the same kind, and that huge fortress'. As Ikaruga thought, in front of his eyes, the 2 Yog-Sothoth left, burst and splattered like an apple falling on the ground.

From there, Mikoto who flew with a nonchalant expression casted a heal on Ikaruga.

“Are you alright, Ikaruga-dono. You seem to have sustained some injuries?”

“This sort are scratches only. And more or less the ones who sustained wounds after battles are the ones who were in high spirits.”

“Is that so. Then, they're unnecessary treatment?”

“Nah, I'm saved. I have to say my gratitudes. Also foremost, those on the ground entered a melee fight, we can only attack recklessly. Soon they won't be able to fight anymore, probably.”

Moving around joyfully – Iki, Soujuu, Gaijin's appearance, few Ikaruga looked with envy, casually, noticed Mikoto and asked.

“Speaking of which, I didn’t see Kokuyou around. Where is he?”

With a bothered expression, Mikoto turned her gaze downwards.

There were no small fries Kokuyou aimed for. He aimed for the main body.”

Realizing the meaning of that, in the moment Ikaruga returned his gaze to the headquarters of the enemy-the large movable fortress—

GANN! Forced up violently, starting from the central part of the movable fortress Mukade, unable to withstand the slash, numerous blocks were blown off, exploding in the air.

“It seems like it has begun.”

If you were to see it, the pavis on his left hand was pushed up, Kokuyou was standing with that stance, his right hand held a black-coloured lance, as it is he moved towards the back of the Mukade which has been divided into parts, this time charging to split the front to the back.

In a panic due to the hit to the top half of the body, the fragments attacked but, as if he felt nothing whatsoever, not even pain or itch, crossing over Mukade in a few kilometers, Kokuyou divided it as if cutting through butter with a butter knife.

“...oh dear. With this, it’s unlikely I will be able to have my turn(T/L: to show his true strength).”

“It seems to be so.”

Mikoto agreed with a smile.

“Afterwards there’s hime-sama’s issue on her side...”

Ikaruga shifted his gaze to the direction where Hiyuki was.

“Utsuho and Tsu are there too, that sort of small thing won’t be a problem I think.”

“Fumu. I think so too, but the opponent is a player, mustn’t underestimate the tricks they can use.”

“That is so.”

Mikoto nodded as she agreed, Ikaruga turned his gaze towards the direction

they were facing.

Footnote:

1. There is a saying in Japanese, 歳月人を待たず (Saigetsu hito wo matazu) Time waits for no man. The title is probably a shortened version of this.
2. \*tougher compared to humans. Initially I TL-ed it as 'chewy', but I went and checked again, it seems like the phrase can also mean that they're 'tough'. Ahaha...don't kill me?
3. Principalities: (in traditional Christian angelology) the fifth highest order of the ninefold celestial hierarchy.
4. let out a *straight*, written in katakana.
5. *Your* fists have no guts – the 'your' which is used here implies that the person addressed is inferior to the speaker 手前ら temeera

# Chapter 18: The One Behind the Scenes

**(Literal Translation of title: The stagehand behind the black curtain)**

*Translator's notes: Before you read this chapter, I'd like to warn you that the author uses some kendo terms which I explained(somewhat) in the footnotes. I've numbered my footnotes this time because it could get a bit confusing. I have left some of the Japanese text because I'm still cleaning up this draft and it makes it easier to check if the tl is correct. It's quite an exciting chapter! I have started reading the next chapter. Hopefully I can churn out a new one soon.*

*Initial draft and translation by [nattou](#). QC-ed by the awesome [madospicy senpai](#). Please do not repost without permission.*

Hiyuki and Otomaru, even though there was a distance of approximately 10 feet between the two of them, both of them shortened the distance between them in an instant.

Without moving their body, both of them held their weapons, one side the sword and the other, Mikazuki scimitars-usually, there is a tense feeling as if a balloon is expanding to its limits -but, there was no such feeling of tension at all.

The reason is that Hiyuki held the Sinner of Rose [Gilles de Rais] in a basic kendo posture, *hasso* (\*1.), relaxed.

Otomaru wields the two Mitsurugi scimitar and held it in the *chuudan* stance(2), showing his scorn and the fact that he's got the upperhand.

“For your information, thanks to that person my status is almost the same as the current you. The conditions are fair, that is to say, your real strength is inferior and won't stand a chance against me.



g the unexpected provocation from Otomaru, Hiyuki confirmed her opponent's status with a doubtful look, then she opened her eyes wider.

Just like his words, Otomaru's current status was boosted by pet fusion, almost similar to her status after fusing with the Divine Beast Nine-Tailed Fox Utsuho. (Her MP was superior but her opponent's HP is more than hers.) Furthermore, Hiyuki was surprised by the text [Fusion: The God Crusher Fenrir].

"The God Crusher Fenrir?! Wasn't that an Event Boss that can't be tamed?!"

No, it's possibly an underhanded trick that's temporary, if it was normal-only the inhabitants of Imperial Crimson knows the way to exceed the limits of the base values – As the owner, it's unlikely for him to be able to have a status that deviates from a Player's level.

Actually, the pets that were summoned from the Movable Fortress didn't have this sort of status values. In that case, the reason for the abnormality of the status is-

"You said 'Anokata(3)'. Could it be related to that person Lubbock mentioned earlier, the 'God of This World'?"

"That's right. Anokata (Polite: he/she) is a God! The beginning of everything."

"I would like you to share more details about that."

"Hah! If you were to defeat me I'll talk about it.

Well, such a thing will never happen even if the heavens and earth were toppled though!"

With a mocking laughter, Otomaru kicked the ground. At the same time, Hiyuki moved forward.

GAKin! At the point where the blades intersect, sparks flew.

"Fnn!"

If it's about who will tend to come out ahead in a clash between our strengths, as expected Otomaru excels with his body weight and strength.

Otomaru chased after Hiyuki who flew from the attack, drawing a spiral with his twin blades – using the Blade skill [Kamaitachi/Razor Wind] , while also adding the lighting element on the blade.

The sword's pressure formed a tornado, swooping towards the floating body of Hiyuki.

Hiyuki's skirt fluttered, her small body hovered in the air. And then, sparks that raised its head like snakes drew closer from four directions.

"HAAAAa!"

Together with a scream, Hiyuki rotated in the air while she brandished Gilles De Rais to split the tornado and the lighting attack into two with a single cut.

Before Hiyuki could set her foot on the ground after she was released from restriction, Otomaru rushed in like a cannon that's been shot from the catapult.

Swordsman type basic skill[slash].

Against the release of vigorous dir

ect attacks, Hiyuki intercepted with a horizontal sword swipe.

In addition to the impact on landing, Hiyuki accelerated every muscle in the body from stillness in a sudden – it was a Kei(6) move which had been learnt from the Beast King, because of Hiyuki's originally explosive power, it transformed into a spiraling power.

Under her feet, the ground erupted.

The sword and scimitar clashed for the second time.

But, this time the sword did not lose in terms of power, and the conclusion came with a speed that far exceeds the opponent.

「 ! ? 」

Because of the unforeseen result, Otomaru had a flustered expression.

"Tch!"

Otomaru who had the intention to activate his skill again to cover up his blunder, blocked his opponent's attack with his stance, but was kicked by Hiyuki till he flew.

Unable to withstand the force of the kick, in a panic he repositioned at a distant to bear his nausea.

Contrary to his expectations, Hiyuki placed the Gilles De Rais on her shoulder, saying "U~n" as she thought.

「 .....やっぱり同じだねえ 」 "...As I thought it's the same."

"Hn? What is?"

"Your attack pattern. It's the same as Animaru-san's. Basically, it's the continuous use of skills, with normal attacks in between. At times when skills can't be used you use your strength to attack, depending on whether you can make it."

"S

o what! If I took my time in killing the opponent, their HP wouldn't decrease!"

Hearing that, she tilted her head.

"That's if we're in a game where pain does nothing, isn't it? If this was the real world I don't think such logic would apply. Hitting the tender spots will cause pain, if your field of vision is blocked you'd go mad from the sense of distance. Actually, that was why Animaru-san was defeated. Well, if the opponent were

to continuously use skill, causing me to lose, it would be me suffering because of my own mistakes, for you t

hat don't even know how to use the basics, I think you failed at an early grade."

"Stop speaking such crap. What can a loser without any strength come up with? As long as there is a difference in absolute strength, such things are irrelevant."

"Is that so? Then from this point onwards, I'll defeat you without the use of skills. S

hall we decide it based on a showdown?"

"Do it if you can, you bluffing bastard!"

Along with a roar, Otomaru's two scimitars were swung in all directions – continuously slicing with the scimitar skill, Hiyuki retreated while dodging, sidestepping

and warding it off.

「はン！ 逃げるだけが!? この男女！」"Ha! Only know how to run! This girly boy! (T/n: or

androgynous person, written as Womanman)"

He bared his fangs and pelted her with jeers

. Hiyuki didn't get particularly agitated. She aimed for the gap in between the skills when the body is still stiff. Otomaru dug his heels just before the skill ends.

At that, Hiyuki thrust like a falling star, swooping down on him.

「くそっ——」"shit-"

When he was going to dodge Hiyuki's sword that was aimed towards his throat

at the shortest distance, the stiffness became a fatal delay

. From that point onwards, dodging it was impossible.

To deal with that strike right away, Otomaru repelled the sword immediately, using the change in the trajectory of the Mikazuki scimitar in his right hand.

刀スキル奥義・打壊(dakai)

Katana Secret Skill・Break.

It's

a skill which wards or destroys the opponent's weapon when your weapon clashes with your opponent's.

In exchange, the user's weapon will also be applied an appropriate burden.

H

However, there's nobody in the server that doesn't know the weapon Hiyuki possessed. The Gilles De Rais could even be called a divine sword, being almost the highest grade long sword that was miraculously succeeded in being reinforced 10 times. W

When that was compared with the Mikazuki scimitar, even if it was also a Level 99 weapon, the standard was lower.

As a result, the Mikazuki scimitar broke into fragments with a clear metallic sound, leaving the flawless Gilles De Rais. However, due to the effect of the skill, the sword slipped out of Hiyuki's hands, falling and rolling behind Otomaru.

Probably as a reflex, Hiyuki's left arm extended towards the Gilles De Rais. However, it wasn't the end. Otomaru had two scimitars, in short, now he still has a Mikazuki scimitar in his left hand.

Otomaru who was going to confirm his victory, the sides of mouth curved upwards, setting his eyes on Hiyuki's white collarbone, he waved his left hand.

”...just kidding.”

Hiyuki who noticed her messed-up posture and immediately straightened herself, extending both of her hands towards the approaching sword.

Pan! With a sound like a clap, Otomaru’s blade was stopped.

剣聖技『白刃取り』。Saint Sword Skill, Shirahadori (Stopping the Sword with bare hands).

Earlier it was used by Animaru, and it was the reason Hiyuki lost.

“-Bastard, you said you wouldn’t use any skill!?”

Hiyuki smiled at Otomaru’s protest.

“Un, sorry. That. Was. A. Lie. – or rather, don’t sweat the small stuff.”

At that position, he twisted the blade. And at the same moment, in front of Otomaru eyes, Hiyuki’s equipment on her left hand [Iron Rose:

[Eiserne Jungfrau](#)

(T/N: Iron Maiden) ]’s the ivy on the surface unraveled and is visibly stretching towards his own back.

Surprised, Otomaru turned his head to the back. And then, entwined with the Ivy, Gilles De Rais flew towards him and Otomaru was pierced before he could dodge.

”Guha!!!”

As Otomaru was shaky from coughing up blood, Hiyuki easily confiscated the Mikazuki scimitar from his hands

.

I exte

nded my left hand toward Gilles de Rais which flew earlier to display a gap in my defense, which helps me identify Otomaru’s attack pattern. Not only that, I

was secretly releasing the Steel Roses Iron Maiden's ivy, entangling it with my hands. This enables the sword to be pulled towards me, killing two birds with one stone.

. "As I

thought, you don't know the basics and how to use them."

Hiyuki pressed the

Mikazuki scimitar she snatched earlier against Otomaru's nape and earnestly stated her thoughts.



"It seems like the winner has been decided over there."

From a distance, I returned my gaze towards the end of the Mobile Fortress <Mukade> that's ablaze. Once again, I plunged the Mikazuki scimitar, causing Otomaru to make sounds filled with anguish.

Even though it has yet to reach the red zone of the HP bar or the yellow zone, due to a large amount of blood loss it seems like he has lost the will to fight.

That is why the feeling of game and reality differs...

"Then, the fight is over... it's my victory(8).

As such, it is time for you to fulfill your promise of talking about the truth behind 'anokata(that person)'"

Otomaru answered my question with a glare filled with hatred.

"Who would... tell... someone like you... a coward..."

Well, it's certainly a response I expected to hear from him.

Rather, calling me a coward when... He's the one who brought more than a thousand monsters, ensuring that I couldn't receive reinforcements by sending us into this isolated Duel Space, also to fuse with an untamable monster...I really don't want to bring up who is the coward here.

Even if I were to say so it's probably futile, isn't it? This fellow's moves, anything that doesn't go according to his plan, the cause is always his

opponent.

“Well, if you say don’t want to say it, I’ll do my best to make you want to say it.”

While saying that, I drew out Gilles De Rais, switching to the Mikazuki scimitar and stabbed him

. As I was doing that, I lightly twisted the blade.

Yup, at this point it’s time to let the HP bar reach yellow.

But, seen in this way, even though our HP increase, we are still human with flesh. If we are hit, we will weaken. I’ll also have to be alert to it.

「ぎゃあああああっ!!」 “Gyaaaaa!!!”

To induce pain with repeated attacks, I pushed it into Otomaru’s right feet.

“It’s bad of me, but I’ll be taking back Gilles De Rais. Don’t mind me, I just didn’t want to dirty it with your blood. In exchange, I’ll return you the Mikazuki scimitars. Afterward-”

I quickly opened my space inventory and prepared five more swords.

The swords that appeared in the air, with their pointed end facing down, stood around me.

Unfortunately I am not knowledgeable about tortures and such. For now, I’ll cut you up until

you start talking, I’ll even do it like how Real Kuro\* did (7.リアル黒○) – aah

, even if you died I can bring you back to life and continue, so don’t worry.”

「なっ——」 “Wha-”

痛みも忘れて目を剥く音丸に、有無を言わせず1本目の剣を突き立てる。

Towards Otomaru who opened his eyes wide as he forgot the

pain, she wordlessly stabbed with the first sword.

“Gaaah!!”

“As expected from a pet union with The God Crusher Fenrir. Your HP hasn’t dropped to red yet.”



Feeling touched, I brought out the second sword.

“Speaking of which, when is this Duel Space going to be released? As I thought there are no other ways than killing my opponent huh?”

“Stop! I lose! I admit my loss. I’ll tell you anything!”

In the instant I heard Otomaru’s “I give up”, the Duel Space opened and that unique pressure disappeared.

“I see, it’s this sort of structure.”

As long as the loser admitted their loss, the Duel Space ends.

If that was the case it would have been better if I said “I lose.” earlier. The dual space would’ve collapsed, then I can call Tengai and beat the hell out of Otomaru.

いまさらだけどそう思いつつ、ボクは音丸に2本目

の剣を向けた。But since it’s too late now, I pointed the second sword at Otomaru.

“So, what is the true form of the mastermind?”

“That-that is...”

Behaving in a strange manner, Otomaru was going to say something, at that moment –

”Princess, please be careful!”

The sound of Utsuho’s warning surprised her and caused her to move backward with a leap, at the same time a throwing dagger abruptly stabbed Otomaru’s throat.

However, for that degree of attack, Otomaru who is currently in a pet union with [The God Crusher] Fenrir, in terms of damage %, is yet to be a problem. From the looks of it,

it’s a bit of decrease in HP, perhaps entering the critical red zone, but then...

Instantly, Otom

aru released a scream that sounded like a deathly cry of agony as he tore his

chest. His state couldn't be compared to how he was earlier.

"This cannot do. It seems like The God Crusher Fenrir is about to run wild. Please step away, princess."

In the instant Utsuho said it, Otomaru shouted while The God Crusher Fenrir appeared from his chest, wrapping him in flames, both of them burnt to a crisp.

While I was dumbfounded when it left a bowl-like shape on the ground due to the remaining high temperature, I heard the disgusted voice of unfamiliar people behind my back.

"It's hopeless. Going berserk while the HP is red, there's still room for improvement."

In a panic,

I turned while throwing away the sword I held and prepared the Gilles de Rais. Within my vision, someone that's unlikely to appear leaped in.

From the looks of it, it was an 18-year-old youth. Thin eyes and short, black haired, carrying a full backpack, under a loose coat is an apron, no matter how you see it, it was a man dressed in Merchant style. Showing such an unsuitable appearance at this place, it was an appearance that I was unusually familiar with.

"Kagerou-san?"

I asked to confirm, and Kagerou-san seemed to nod with a delighted expression – formerly one of the fellow guild member, with nondescript features and seemed as if he was present yet isn't there(4). Someone who pursued assassination techniques to the limit, certainly the feared [Unnoticeable Peddler], the legendary merchant that has the second name [(滅死彷徨)Selfless Devotion].

"Yes, it has been a while. Ojou-san. That we could meet once again makes me so happy I can shed tears, but now my body is serving another master, and I cannot enjoy lover's meeting time with my beloved princess."

Finally, Kagerou gave a forlorn look.

How should I say it, he's still doing that "Ojou-sama and servant's secret tender passion" 'setting'(5) that they used to roleplay at the guild...

"That other master, is that referring to the same master of Otomaru?"

"Beg your pardon, no matter how much ojou-sama wants to know, I can't tell."

Fumu, even though his appearance is like this, when he drew a line, he will absolutely keep to it, just as always

.

And, something came to mind suddenly, so I tried to ask about it

.

"Speaking of which, Kuroe... the onee-san from the rabbitman tribe said that the As-you-like staff(如意棒) was bought from the weapon merchants."

"Ah. That sturdy onee-san. Certainly, I sold it."

Fumu,

he indirectly confirmed that they're the both the same person

.

"-as of now, for the sake of renewing our friendship, may I hear about various things?"

"My apologies, my master ordered me to hurry and return. Really, I shall have to take my leave, ojou-san."

After the apology was given sincerely, Kagerou's figure blended with the background, slowly fading away.

This is his specialty, [Perfect Concealment].

"Wait-"

Without pause, his appearance was completely erased.

While watching Mikoto and the rest in high spirits as

I

returned, I had the feeling like I almost grasped something and yet let it slip away. I sighed.

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Nattou's Footnote Where Everything Researched is Explained in an Unnecessarily Long-Winded Way:

1. 八相(はっそう) Some sort of posture in kendo. When you pose like this the hand seems to form a / \ shape, which is (probably) why it's called the 八相 (hassou). Read more at wikipedia  
<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hass%C5%8D-no-kamae>
2. 中段(ちゅうだん) The most basic posture in kendo that lets you have a balanced attack and defense. See also:  
<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ch%C5%ABdan-no-kamae>
3. Anokata is a polite way to refer to he or she. Since I don't know the gender and I don't have a perfect way to translate this term into english, I think I best leave it in hiragana. For example of this word being left as it is, see Detective Conan's 'anokata', the boss of the black organization which is yet to be revealed.
4. There but not there, like, hiding in plain sight. Assassin's Creed style?
5. The setting for a narrative or fictional or dramatic account.
6. Kei\* – a power/technique mentioned in earlier chapters.
7. I do not know who Kuro\* is, but the author censored the last syllable probably due to copyright reasons. It's probably a reference to a character from a different series that tortures people. If you do know, please share it in the comments so I can update this?The author wrote it as [リアル黒○]  
English: Real Black O? Real Kuro\*\*? =w=??
8. Mado-senpai mentioned this phrase here can also be read like this.  
Alternate translation: [雌雄も決したわけだし...まあ、いちおういまは私も女なわけなんだから、雌で私の勝ちだねえThen, the fight between man and woman is over...Well, more or less, I am a woman now, so it's my victory as a

woman.] Since it is confusing I decided to translate it much more literally and leave the alternate interpretation in the footnotes. The kanji for fight is written as male and female, but it could be interpreted as showdown as well. It was a little confusing for me when I first saw the sentence, I don't want you all to join in with the confusing sentence interpretation as well.

## Chapter 19: Lion Vs. Tiger

It's the finals.

Beside the part of the Cress Kingdom's Saint Beast's Hill, there's a plateau that's been isolated by a vertical cliff like it was completely cut away by a knife.

The shape is similar to the Table Mountain (T/N: A mountain in [Africa](#)) from the original world. To put it frankly, there is something that looked like a whole cake – with a feel as if it was sliced and taken, the area surrounding above the stage looked as if it was punched into a wasteland, green plants grew wildly, seemingly a naturally thick jungle.

Somehow, when you look at it, it seemed like a place that looks like a decorated cake. And even though it's unrelated, before I die I want to eat entire whole cakes. At least 10 of them.

At the center of the white and flat 100m square rock nearby, whether it is for a praiseworthy dance performance or to hold a fight, this time it is the stage of the deciding match for [the nomination of the Beast King].

Speaking of which, initially yesterday was the semifinal fight between Revan Vs. Cyril (and afterward due to the real Cyril being saved) Cyril had announced he was unable to fight and defaulted, Revan was quickly selected for the final decisive fight.

“Did you do something?”

I was viewed very suspiciously by Revan, of course, I didn't do anything... or rather I've helped, so I denied it with all my strength.

“Don't worry! Since I didn't do anything shady!”

I gave them a thumb up.

“Speaking of which, what sort of ‘not shady’ things did you do?” asked Asmina.

“Err...”

What should I say to deceive them.

So it turns out there's a player who is breaking the rules, and when

I exposed that plot, it seems like he was someone who I might have known in the past, and I was one-sidedly stalked as he held a grudge. When he tried to attack us he was beaten and self-destructed. In the end, I met a guild member from the olden days, but it seems like he is currently one of the enemy's member and before he could be captured he escaped – to put it simply.

“I was attacked by an acquaintance who I can't even recall the face of, it was dangerous but somehow I dealt with it, and thereupon I clashed with my past, meeting with a man I was very close to long ago, but when I tried to deepen the talk with him, he had escaped.”

Eh? That sounded different from what I thought. And why are Asmina's eyes sparkling so much?

“It's a love triangle trouble isn't it?! As expected from you, Hiyuki-sama. Let's talk about that in more details!”

Yup, the interpretation is completely different from what I was thinking.  
(Literal translation:

Yup, I've perfectly mistaken the input command.)

And afterward, I dodged Asmina who was pestering me like an energetic love aide...(well, she just want to make friends with girls who are in love, but in her case she sorta has an 'illness', so she don't want to be lumped together with her).

I returned to the castle only to find out that somehow the information that Kagerou-san is now on the enemy's side has already reached them (wait, there was only me, Kagerou-san and Utsuho, thus through the process of elimination I know who is the culprit). Everyone was welcoming me as if they didn't want to attract my anger.

No, no, that secret torrid love affair between ojou-san and servant thing is only Kagerou's delusional setting.

Naturally, there's no such relationship between us, okay!

And no matter how many times I repeatedly denied such a thing, they would respond with “We understand the princess’s painful feelings.” sending me a soft, understanding smile while completely missing my point.

No,

even for me, a normal mmorpg player, I think it is right to roleplay according to my appearance.

However, if you bring up that it is ‘reality’ ah, but for them, this really is ‘reality’, rather than complex, the realization’s bad effect came out confusing or maybe strange.

Umu... it can be said that... he became an enemy that’s more formidable than Lubbock, that Kagerou-san.



With that said, today is finally the finals for the selection of the next Beast King.

Winning from “Demon Wolf’s Feeding Grounds” tournament stage, is Revan, the next lion tribe patriarch, the current beast king’s student.

On the other side who won the fight at the [Earth Dragon’s Resting Place] is the strong tigerkin’s patriarch [Strong Arm] Acheron who is as strong as he is rumored to be, which raises his chances of success.

Since it’ll be a dignified fight, Asmina and other tens of the Mikos from different tribe dedicated a dance for the sacred beasts. In front of such an enthralling dance, the spectators were spellbound.

It was at this time someone spoke, “-Oh, Princess. Kurashi alerted from the sky said he was hungry

so he seemed to have caught a good living being, but he asked if it’s fine to eat it.”

Utsuho who is still fused with me in pet union said it very casually.

“That is...?”

Because he did not bring any food, they caught some local food and thought it



would be fine... but wait?

“By no means it is a human, right?”

“They are not human.” she immediately replied with a denial, setting my worries to rest.

“Then feel free do as you like?”

“Sigh. It seems like the master of this land is a holy beast, but food is food.”

Unable to digest what was added to the end of that sentence, I switched my attention towards the area around the stone stage, frantically tilting my head upwards to see.

My eyesight as a vampire allows me to see things from far away, so I could see the winged tiger with wings as large as 10 metres – One of the Seven Star Beasts of Calamity – Kurashi with a happy appearance as it stood in the air, holding the buck that’s almost 5 metres long from its horn, covered in a blue light.

“Wawawawawa! It’s bad. No matter what it is, to eat the sacred beasts! Release! Release! Throw it away! Throw!”

Kurashi made a face as if he did not want to do so.

“He said, could I eat at least a feet?”

“Hn...I wonder... since it is a sacred beast so wouldn’t it grow back? I should confirm it.”

I commanded Utsuho to do so, the holy beast shook its head. Seems like it doesn’t.

“It seems like it doesn’t. Oii, the lord of this land. If you swear fealty to our princess, I’ll let you go as you are.”

At Utsuho’s suggestion (or rather coercion?) The holy beast nods its head.

“-as you heard. Kurashi, this fellow is Hiyuki’s retainer now. There are times this occurs. Kurashi, this fellow is a lesser being than Hiyuki’s retainer, and can’t be treated as feed to sate your hunger. Let it go.”

With that said, Kurashi reluctantly returned the sacred beast to its original

spot.

So close, so close, it almost entered Kurashi's stomach as if it's a snack.

If this was exposed it would

become something worthy of respect, I secretly feel relieved. Meanwhile, the miko's dance was over, and Asmina returned with her makeup and Beast Tribe miko dress on.

"How was it, Hiyuki-sama. How was my dance?"

"Be-beautiful, it was very beautiful."

Secretly, because of the commotion, I stopped watching halfway.

"Thank you! If only the sacred beasts were watching happily I'd be glad."

"R-right."

At that time the sacred beast was in a state as if it may live or it may die, so it wasn't the right place for it to be happy. But I'm not telling her that. And also by chance, it became my follower.

Whilst forcing a smile, cold sweat ran down my back as I nodded.



The lengthy ceremony finished and the long awaited finals begin.

Revan gazed at the tall man before him, the Tigerman tribe's leader [Strong Arm] Acheron.

It's probably a mismatch for a man, but he was actually a 'flowery(charming)' person.

Without excessive useless muscles on him, his arms, legs, chest, shoulders, hips were protected with the minimal amount of defensive equipment on, and he still strikes an imposing pose.

Even when he stood silently without his fighting spirit, he was releasing a strong pressure.

Aged around 25 years old, with blond hair and a masculine face that shows a daring smile. While he had shown his weak points, he had a gleam of danger in

his eyes, revealing his charm and the danger his pose.

As the referees were finished with the match instructions, Acheron started talking suddenly.

“I heard about your teacher, he has planning to use Imperial Crimson as a shield... no, to become its vassal state to leave the Cress Federation.”

At the mention of “teacher”, he pointed at the current Beast King.

“Ah, it’s just as you said. To be honest, there was no meaning behind the Crest-Sentlunar cooperation anyway. Does the Tigerman tribe oppose this?”

“Half of them do. It’s obvious to leave that federation which meddles needlessly. However, it’s not acceptable to lower our status by becoming Imperial Crimson’s dogs.” Acheron said firmly as he shook his head.

At these words, the audience that had held their saliva during the tension raised a commotion

, glancing towards the sovereign of Imperial Crimson who is sitting on the chair at the nobility seats (as I expected, even at the Sacred Grounds, a separate tent is set up) but the person it concerns had not changed his expression at all (of course, it was a substitute) and only sat there calmly.

“Has it been confirmed that Imperial Crimson’s leader completely had no interest in directly ruling us?

In reality, Amitia became a republic and is developing further.”

Peeking at the direction where his sister is, towards the person with a small build under the hood, Revan answered.

Hiyuki must have sensed the glance. With a “Hmm?” expression and she tilted her head. That innocent figure made Revan smile unconsciously.

“That choice existed at the federation establishment period when we didn’t have power, we now don’t need another person’s power. Isn’t it our turn to win our freedom with our own strength, and make a country by the beastkin and for the beastkin?”

Acheron’s words were filled with emotion of his own tribe’s and the whole

tribe's feelings. Revan almost nodded along, but there was something he felt he couldn't agree with.

"It's useless. Behind a fighter there is always someone weaker, are you going to ask them to fight too? To sacrifice the weaker ones, that way of thinking will force us to reach the limits of what we will do sooner or later. It's because we want to protect them that we need a shield. Also, this world has many sorts of people in it other than the Beastkin,

your way of thinking is nothing but copying the holy teachings that discriminate against the beastkin."

Staring at Revan who had the same golden hair, Acheron thought the words over only to shake his head with a sense of disappointment.

"We're both not conceding whether our way of thinking is right. Revan of the Lionman tribe. Let's settle this."

"Ah, I agree. Tigerman tribe leader Acheron."

Waiting for the signal to begin, the two of them split into each side of the arena. They

took a low stance and glared at each other.

In that moment, the Sacred Ground's air which was cool was suffused with heat and heavy tension.

While late, when the referees gave the sign to begin, the both of them moved at the same time.

As the both of them were rushing against each other so quickly that their figures were blurred, at the top speed, Acheron's kick went towards Revan's face. Guarding against that move with a hand, Revan launched his counter with his other hand.

His fist hit the abdomen right on the spot, and the large body that received the impact flew behind – is what he saw but Acheron placed both of his hands on the floor and spun.

Acheron stood with a smooth movement looked like he did not receive any damage at all.

“You’re quite good.”

Saying it as if he was happy from the bottom of his heart, Acheron shifted his left and right shoulder joints, producing loud cracking sounds.

Suddenly Revan realized that this man had intentionally received his hit earlier in order to understand his strength.

Also, a tremble ran along his back as his heart beats really loudly. Acheron’s strength awakens something sleeping inside Revan.

As if he realized the change, Acheron’s smile widened.

“Alright, we’ve said our greetings. Let’s continue.”

Saying this, Acheron prepared his stance. Revan had the same smile as Acheron, readying his stance for the confrontation.

## Chapter 20: Clouds cover the moon, Wind scatters the flowers

Revan rushed towards Acheron directly like an arrow.

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With an arrogant look which shows he'll take the hit, Acheron lowered his back to prepare against Revan's attack. A series of thrusts and kicks was launched by Revan. Acheron received it using both of his arm and lower leg, but of course, he couldn't counter the pressure completely and was pushed back by several meters.

–I can win!

Towards the defensive Acheron, Revan had thought to follow up with another attack, but, since he didn't breathe for the past few attacks, paused to catch a breather.

However, this pause did not escape Acheron's attention.

In a blink of an eye, towards the Revan who stopped, he shrunk the distance between them and let out a straight punch, putting his entire weight behind it.

In the space of a hair strand, his fist passed Revan's face as he dodged, his skin burnt by the force of the punch.

As expected from Strong Arm.

While moving forward half a step as it is, Revan danced in the air. While jumping, he added spin to his right heel, a bold strike – catching Acheron's face with a whirlwind kick.

GAKiN! (Sound of metal)

Unlike body made of flesh, they made a metallic sound as they collided, bouncing back like bullets.

Towards the figure of Acheron who had raised two of his hands, Revan pressed the side of his abdominal parts.

Just before the whirlwind kick, he crossed his arms to protect against it, on top of that, catching his knee.

...neither a gap or negligence. He's certainly a wild tiger.

As if responding to the enthusiasm radiated by Acheron, Revan's body felt as if it started heating up inside, the feelings ran through him as if his blood boiled

The man in front of me is strong. If I were honest, he may be exceedingly stronger than me.

In that case, I will have to use all of my strength, as I want to defeat the one stronger than me.

With that urge, his body moved.



On the stone stage at the Sacred Grounds, two men with their power and skills, fought without letting the other side take a step in for the sake of their ideology.

Neither side focused on offense or defense, mutually they changed from offense and defense in turns. As if they were dancing, they fought on the stone stage.

Sometimes yells filled with fighting spirit were made as punches, kicks and falls were made, and those shouts echoed the sounds of the hand-to-hand combat to the surrounding, filling the atmosphere around the area, causing the air to vibrate with tenseness.

The beastkin standing around the area, eyes were open wide, ears perked, not a single cough, as if they thought their chests were blocked, watching the fierce fight closely as they did not know what sort of conclusion will occur.

"Revan-niisama... he will win... right?"

Next to me, Asmina asked, in a tone as if she wanted to know from me, a soft murmur.

I think she tried to consider from the condition of Revan's body, turning pale and chasing the figure of Revan with her eyes.

“In terms of speed, Revan is faster. In terms of power and experience, the other side is superior, is what it feels like.”

Firstly, I gave an objective view. Yet as the words came out of my mouth, Asmina asked again with her clinging eyes.

“That is... whether they will end up with a draw, is what you’re asking?”

“No-”

While I still had hesitation in my chest, Utsuho quickly stated her conclusion.

“It is the youngster’s defeat.”

As if she understood the meaning from my silence, Asmina patiently endured, and continued waiting.

What a strong girl.

That’s why I, too, honestly answered her.

“If he had 5 more years, no, 3 years, then he might’ve been able to defeat him, if it is the him right now, he will be defeated due to the time limit, his own strength and the differences in experience. Most importantly, that is something which the two people who are fighting probably know, which is probably why Revan who understood this, and released the technique to recover from defeat, and then based on how he’s going to retaliate against his opponent, you can roughly estimate who will be the winner.”

Before I could finish my words, a big development occurred to the fight on top of the stone stage.



“Haa”

Acheron’s sharp yell caused a stir, shortening the distance in one go. At the same time, he drew closer with left and right two-stage thrusts. With the weight of his hips, it was a continuous attack that used his whole body’s force.

At the suddenness of Revan who brushed the attack off with his palms, “Ffn,” Acheron sent out a flurry of kicks at godspeed. But, this had, in the distance of a hair strand, been dodged by Revan who turned around till he’s horizontal. (t/n:



Oh my!)

“Fn.”

Towards the crumble in his upper body stance, “SHA-!” he preemptively attacked quickly with his right fist.

“Sha!” without a single word, he rushed in with his right fist rushed for an attack.

Revan combined the strength of his wrists in the form of a cross to stop the blow, at the same time, he fixed himself on Acheron’s right wrist, and as it is, he added rotational force by coiling around his wrist and threw him.

At that instant, Revan’s body was blown off and he collapsed horizontally as if he was flicked, and Acheron who received a half-baked hit and also fell over.

Acheron nimbly got up as if he did not receive a single scratch.

However, Revan who had collapsed as he made sounds of anguish with his mouth, spilling fresh blood.

Seeing Revan’s struggle, Acheron said this. “That was sunda\*. A penetrating attack against internal body at a close distance – it seems you have used it, I also have a technique like that. Whether it is very close, or at zero distance, it is not a problem.”

Be as it may, within the qualifier this technique hasn’t been seen before. It was likely kept for the sake of using it in the finals, that Revan had been splendidly outsmarted.

In one way or another Revan adjusted his breathing and stood but, his gait can hardly be said as light.

Due to receiving the ‘sunda’ hit while almost defenceless, he must’ve taken internal damage.

“It will be decided in one strike. ...If you were to accept defeat now, you still can escape death you know?”

“.....”

Without saying a word and readying himself, Revan’s determined decision can

be read from his eyes , at this point Acheron's words were useless. No, deciding not dirty his(Revan's) pride as a warrior, he too, readied his stance.

"Let's go."



At the time, on the side of the stone stage, a small unrest started.

Noticing Asmina's attempt to jump towards Revan, Hiyuki bound her arms behind her back to restrain her.

"Wait! It's against the rules to enter the stage now!"

"Let me go! At this rate, Revan-niisama will die!"

As she had a far smaller and thinner body, Hiyuki who had pressured her with all her status points was impossible to shake off, Asmina screamed and cried as if she was a spoilt child.

"It's still the middle of the fight! Revan still have the will to fight, how could you not trust in him! If you were to get in between the fight now, wouldn't you end up betraying Revan?!"

"Even if I betray or if he lose it's fine! As long as nii-san will still be alive!!"



Revan heard her voice.

Unexpectedly, the overpowering sound of footsteps of death that approached, started to wither in his heart, suddenly lightening.

-Speaking of which, this happened a while ago.

Through his younger sister's scream and the voice of Hiyuki calming her, he thought of the match which was held a few days ago in the presence of his master, the beast king, a few days ago.

*-good grief. It seems like I haven't grow a bit.*

Thinking of those times, he made a smile. It was as if a fog had been lifted from his heart, perfectly clearing it to show a sunny sky.

At the sight of this expression, Acheron was puzzled in an instant, furrowing

his brow, however his concentration was not affected, at the same time when Revan closes the distance-

“Haa!” Condensing all the [Kei] in his whole body, he pushed out his right palm.

Revan who had received deep internal damage did not dodge, and on the other hand even if he did, he was confident his next strike will connect.

But in the moment when Acheron’s palm touch Revan’s chest, something happened.

Together with a resistance he felt as he punched the air, Acheron’s attack missed.

Revan spun counterclockwise, it was a natural movement as if he was spun by Acheron’s push as if he were feathers flying in the wind.

From there, Revan thrown a middle punch as if it was as a natural thing to do.

To begin with this was the basics, a technique which is taught by the teacher in the beginning. There was no hesitation or defect. It was similar to that day when Hiyuki had released it.

TON! That was the sound it made as he lightly struck which was as he expected, yet the point where the strike landed caused a shockwave, and Acheron who had used his entire body’s technique and counter was blown back for several tens of meters, falling on top of the stone stage.

No matter how stubbornly he tried to get up, Acheron’s bones were clearly broken due to the strike that was landed earlier.

Towards Acheron, Revan lowered his head.

“I thank you for the directions you gave, tribe chief Acheron. Because of your efforts this body was able to be improved.”

At those words, Acheron’s eyes went round in an instant and following that he laughed with a happy manner.

“You thanked me for the win? That’s a great. If I were to win I would’ve succumbed to ecstasy... good grief, it’s my loss.”

The whole audience that had been quiet, at that moment, was roused to burst out with cheers and claps.

“Niisan!!”

Asmina who was overwhelmed by her emotions had tears running down her face as she rushed towards Revan.

Even though Asmina should have been restrained under the stone stage, Hiyuki was shaken off by Asmina who used all her strength, “Eh, how did she?” at the sight of the impossible feat, she was gobsmacked.



With that, Revan was officially recognized as the [Successor of the beast king] through the a formal nomination, and after the tournament he gathered all of the tribe chiefs, exited the Cress Kingdom and formally established an alliance with Imperial Crimson.

As a result, Cress Kingdom was suspected of rebellion\*, so the Federal Government(more accurately, the countries surrounding it, centering on Centluna Kingdom) dispatched military force under the pretext of suppressing the rebellion, and the beastkin reacted from their discontent, as a result they were split into two factions – the Cress kingdom faction and Centluna kingdom faction.

At the time, one-by-one in terms of strength, generally speaking they would be disadvantaged on Cress Kingdom’s side, but under the banner of the young tribe leader Revan, they ended the fight with the strong tribes starting from the lionkin tribe, with Imperial Crimson indirectly giving aid and protecting the civilians, they are also able to compete equally with Centluna kingdom in terms of material and human resources, causing the pause in the battlefronts.

But, to not miss this chance, Gravior Empire with the backing of Holy Kingdom Eon would began to invade Centluna.

Centluna Kingdom was unable to deal with this multifaceted state of war’s outbreak, and the shape of the battlefronts of Cress Kingdom which was barely supported was being forced back. Countries in the federation also maintain their neutrality changed sides to Cress Kingdom, eventually Centluna Kingdom

and Youth Grand Duchy were forced to cede by the Empire, from this, it was a matter of fact that the Cress-Centluna Federation will crumble, and the chief of the federation, Baldem, will forever be under house arrest in the Empire.

At this rate, in the nick of time, it appears that a trigger of total out war will be fired between the Empire and Cress Kingdom (formerly named Cress Freedom Alliance), but a formal belonging treaty between the Cress Freedom Alliance and Imperial Crimson had been executed, and became a vassal state similar to Amitia. Fearing the lengthening and magnification of war, a compromise settlement was advised by Graviol side, so that the both parties can put down their arms.

All above was the series of events that came to a close in half a month, from this, Cress-Centluna Federation which was in the first position of the three major countries was dissolved. The status of Gravior Empire which was no.2 was elevated to the first place, and their position was succeeded by Imperial Crimson (because of the country's territory size), the shape of the diagram changed into 2 big empires and Holy Kingdom Eon.

Speaking of which, because Collard is the king of Amitia Republic, Imperial Crimson's sovereign Hiyuki was informing the current international situation.

“-that's so quick. How could that be..?”

Although it could be said the person was greatly perplexed, the truth of the situation hasn't been confirmed.

In the next chapter, it will be about the internal workings of a young country (even though I say so I'll be depending on others), there will be an appointment with the Gravior Empire ( not to the point of an all-out war though).

Translation Notes:

\*Sunda – a type of attack (Video:<https://youtu.be/N2ZtBP66Kf4>)

\*As a result, Cress Kingdom was suspected of rebellion\* =Can be interpreted as Treason *Rebellion* Uprising